

# TORTURING TART OF STALAG NINE TRUE AND AUTHENTIC STORIES OF **WAR CRIMINALS**

JUNE

PDC

35¢

**HEINRICH HIMMLER**  
**THE MAN WHO WAS**  
**EICHMANN'S BOSS**



An EXCLUSIVE interview with the  
only surviving Nazi kingpin ...  
**MARTIN  
BORMANN'S RECIPE FOR CONQUEST**

The horror that was Warsaw  
**THE CITY THAT WAS RAPED TWICE**

Excerpts from the official Nazi handbook  
for Concentration Camp Commanders  
**ILLUSTRATED TORTURE MANUAL**

**HIDEKI TOJO** mad butcher  
of the East

# Let's take the bunk out of BALDNESS!



## Note to Doctors

Doctors and hospitals engaged in clinical work on scalp disorders are invited to write for professional literature and samples of the new Alopheine Formula Series.

First, let's understand a few facts about hair growth and baldness. Common baldness follows a characteristic pattern. The hair recedes at the temples and there is a gradual loss of hair at the crown of the head. Hair lost in this manner is progressive and, if unchecked, the end result is baldness.

You may have seen ads with "before and after" photographs of men and women enjoying renewed hair growth. These photographs are probably authentic. But the next time you pick up one of these ads observe it carefully. Note that the baldness areas do not follow the characteristic pattern of common baldness. Note that the bald spots are not on the crown or at the temples. Instead, they are almost on any other part of the head—the back of the head, the side of the head—places where most people still retain hair after many years of being bald. These people were suffering from a scalp disorder called alopecia areata, which means loss of hair in patches. In these cases the hair falls out in clumps practically overnight, and grows back the same way after weeks, months, or years later. Doctors don't know the cause of alopecia areata but believe it results from a nervous disturbance.

At any rate, the chances are 98 to 1 that you do not have alopecia areata.

## NOW YOU CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT BALDNESS

Now we can clear the air. Up to this time no one has discovered how to grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are already bald, make up your mind that you are going to stay that way. Or if you are losing your hair from male pattern baldness, which is the predominant cause of hair loss, there is nothing you can do to stop the march of baldness. So, quit worrying about it—enjoy yourself.

But you may be losing your hair to a scalp disease called seborrhea. The symptoms of scalp seborrhea are easily recognizable—itchy scalp, head scales and dandruff. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness but doctors know that men and women who have it usually lose their hair.

Today there is something you can do to control this hair-destroying disease.

The development of the amazing new scalp medicine called Alopheine may mean that thousands of men and women can now increase the life expectancy of their hair. Alopheine has two special formulas, which work together to control scalp seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes.

## HOW ALOPHEINE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Alopheine works: (1) It tends to normalize the secretion of your sebaceous glands, to control excessive dryness or oiliness. (2) By its rubifacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutri-

tion to the hair follicles. (3) By its antiseptic action, it kills on contact hair-destroying bacteria. (4) By its keratolytic action, it dissolves dried sebum and ugly dandruff, tends to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft.

A few treatments, and your hair looks more beautiful, vital, and alive. Head scales and dandruff disappear. Scalp itch stops. Hair loss due to seborrhea stops. Alopheine, in short, is an amazingly effective treatment.

Today there is no excuse for any man or woman to neglect the warning signals of scalp seborrhea. After years of research and experimentation, we can say this about Alopheine. We know of no other treatment, used at home or in professional salons, that can surpass Alopheine in combating seborrhea and stopping the hair loss it causes.

## ALOPHEINE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Therefore, we offer you this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Try Alopheine in your own home. In only a few days your hair must look healthier, more attractive, and alive. Your dandruff must be gone. Your irritating scalp itch must stop. Your hair loss due to seborrhea must stop. If your hair loss is of the predominant male pattern type, which neither our product nor anything else will help, you lose nothing. We will send you a full and immediate refund.

You must be delighted with the results. You must be completely satisfied with the rapid improvement in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to help increase the life expectancy of your hair at our risk.

So don't delay. Nothing—not even Alopheine can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon below. Give yourself this chance to enjoy stronger, healthier hair again.

©1961 BLYTHE-PENNINGTON, LTD., 23 West 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

BLYTHE-PENNINGTON, LTD., 23 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.  
Please send me one complete Alopheine hair and scalp treatment kit. I'll send \$10.00 down today, and you will be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portions of treatment.

- Enclosed find \$10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.  
 Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$10 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

1606K

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

# "We're looking for people who like to draw"

**By ALBERT DORNE**  
Famous Magazine Illustrator

**D**o you like to draw or paint? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer. More than a decade ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art . . . either because they hesitated to think they had talent . . . or because they couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

#### A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience, the professional know-how, and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then—illustrating this knowledge with over 5,000 special drawings and paintings—we created a complete course of art training that folks all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time. This course is accredited by the Accrediting Commission, National Home Study Council, Washington, D. C., a nationally recognized accrediting agency.

Our training has helped thousands of men and women win the creative satisfactions and the cash rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

#### Helps Design New Cars

Halfway through our training, Don Golemba of Detroit landed a job in the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he

helps design new car models.

"Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me," writes Robert Meechan of Ontario, Canada. "I've come from an \$18.00 a week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies."

John Whitcomb of Memphis was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

#### Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson of Minneapolis was a clerk when he enrolled with us. Now, he heads an advertising-art-studio business and earns seven times his former salary.

Elizabeth Lincoln—mother of six—now teaches art classes in her Massachusetts home. She's building a tidy nest egg for the education of her children.

#### Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern—a Montana cowboy—studied with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for \$250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

#### Free Art Talent Test

*How about you?* Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Simply send for our revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands paid \$1 for this test, but we'll send it to you *free*. If you show promise, you'll be eligible for at-home training under the program we direct. No obligation. Mail the coupon today.

#### America's 12 Most Famous Artists



ALBERT DORNE



NORMAN ROCKWELL



JON WHITCOMB



AL PARKER



HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



STEVEN DOHANOS



FRED LUUKENS



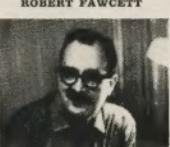
PETER HELCK



ROBERT FAWCETT



BEN STAHL



GEORGE GIUSTI



AUSTIN BRIGGS

#### Famous Artists Schools Studio 5649, Westport, Conn.

I want to find out if I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. {  
Mrs. {  
Miss {

Please print \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Editor

THEODORE S. HECHT

Assoc. Editor

MICHAEL JAMESON

Art Director

DONALD AXLEROAD

Production Manager

ARTHUR BONN



TRUE AND AUTHENTIC STORIES OF

# WAR CRIMINALS

THE CODE OF HELL.....	Machi Yoto 6
SEA DEVIL OF THE REICH.....	Norton Krayling 12
MARTIN BORMANN'S RECIPE FOR CONQUEST	Kassim Gamali 17
THE DOUBLE DOUBLE-CROSS OF WARSAW	Allan J. Dickinger 20
SEX-CRAZED KILLER OF THE CHINA REDS .....	George Reis 22
ILLUSTRATED TORTURE MANUAL .....	24
TOJO: MAD BUTCHER OF THE EAST.....	Hiram McKeever 28
THE TORTURING TART OF STALAG 9.....	Tony Sorrentino 32
THE SPY WHO BUILT AN EMPIRE.....	Kurt Singer 34
HIMMLER: THE MAN WHO WAS EICHMANN'S BOSS .....	Mort Penner 38

WAR CRIMINALS, Vol. 2, No. 1, published quarterly by NORMANDY ASSOCIATES, INC., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Single copy 35c; subscription rate \$1.40 per year. Copyright 1962 by NORMANDY ASSOCIATES, INC. All material submitted at sender's risk. The publisher cannot be responsible for loss or non-return of manuscripts and photos, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope bearing the correct postage. All unsolicited manuscripts accepted for publication will be paid for at our usual rates. Advertising representative LEONARD GREEN ASSOCIATES, 1457 Broadway, N. Y. 36, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A.



# ARTHUR GODFREY SAYS: “I.C.S. MADE THE IMPOSSIBLE-EASY!”



You've probably heard Arthur Godfrey on his coast-to-coast TV and radio programs. But have you ever heard what this famous personality has to say on the subject of International Correspondence Schools?

**"I had to quit high school before the end of my second year. Later in life, at the U. S. Naval Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., I had to master a working knowledge of math, all the way from simple decimals and fractions through trigonometry, in the first six weeks or be dropped from the course. So I took an I.C.S. course and finished at the head of the class! I.C.S. made the impossible — easy!"**

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma!

As usual, Arthur Godfrey knows what he's talking about. And as an I.C.S. graduate, Mr. Godfrey is in the best of all positions to tell you about the educational system for men and women that's served so long as talent scout for American business and industry.

Read what he has to say carefully. Then mark your interest on the coupon and mail it today for full information on what I.C.S. can do for you!

I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.

Accredited Member,  
National Home Study Council

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



BOX 64414C, SCRANTON 15, PENNA.

(In Hawaii, reply P.O. Box 418, Honolulu)

(Partial list of courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

**ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION**  
 Air Conditioning  
 Architecture  
 Arch. Drawing and Designing  
 Building Contractor  
 Building Estimator  
 Carpenter  
 Carpentry and Millwork  
 Heating  
 Painting Contractor  
 Plumbing  
 Reading Arch. Blueprints

**ART**  
 Commercial Art  
 Magazine Illus.  
 Sign Painting and Design &  
 Sketching and Painting

**AUTOMOTIVE**  
 Auto Sales  
 Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing  
 Auto Engine Tuneup  
 Auto Electrical Technician  
 Diesel Engines

**AVIATION**  
 Aero-Engineering Technology  
 Aviation Engine Mech.  
 Reading Aircraft Blueprints

**BUSINESS**  
 Accounting  
 Advertising  
 Bookkeeping and Cost Accounting  
 Business Administration  
 Business Management  
 Clerk Typist  
 Commercial Salesmanship  
 Managing a Small Business  
 Professional Secretary  
 Public Accounting  
 Purchasing Agent  
 Real Estate Salesmanship  
 Sales Management and Management  
 Traffic Management

**CHEMICAL**  
 Analytical Chemistry  
 Chemical Engineering  
 Chem. Lab. Technician  
 General Chemistry

**CIVIL ENGINEERING**  
 Civil Engineering  
 Construction Engineering  
 Highway Engineering  
 Professional Engineers (Civil)  
 Reading Street Blueprints

**SANITARY ENGINEER**  
 Sewage Plant Operator  
 Structural Engineering  
 Surveying and Mapping  
 Water Works Operator

**DRAFTING**  
 Architectural Drafting  
 Drafting & Machine Design  
 Electrical Drafting  
 Electrical Engineer Drafting  
 Industrial Piping Drafting  
 Mechanical Drafting  
 Sheet Metal Drafting

**ELECTRICAL**  
 Electrical Appliance Servicing  
 Electrical Engineering

**HIGH SCHOOL**  
 Good English  
 High School Diploma  
 High School General  
 H. S. College Prep.  
 Industrial Arts & Crafts  
 High School Math  
 High School Science  
 Short Story Writing

**LEADERSHIP**  
 Industrial Foremanship  
 Industrial Supervision  
 Personnel-Labor Relations  
 Supervision

**MECHANICAL and SHOP**  
 Diesel Engines  
 Gas-Elec. Welding  
 Heating and Air Conditioning  
 Industrial Engineering  
 Industrial Instrumentation

**RADIO, TELEVISION**  
 Broadcast Electronic Tech.  
 Industrial Electronics  
 Practical Radio-TV Eng'g  
 Radio-TV Servicing  
 TV Technician

**RAILROAD**  
 General Railroad

**STEAM AND DIESEL POWER**  
 Combustion Engineering  
 Power Plant Engineer  
 Stationary Diesel Eng.  
 Stationary Steam Engines

**TEXTILE**  
 General

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

Home Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_

A.M. to P.M. \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special low monthly tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

# THE CODE OF HELL

by MACHI YOTO

Illustrated by IAN MACBETH



Her innocence or guilt was unimportant. What mattered was the fact that there could be talk about her.

THE AMERICAN BOY crept through the jungle like a thief. He moved carefully, step by step, so as not to break a twig or shake a bush, certain that he was invisible. Stupid boy! He did not know that the eyes of half my company were fixed on him, that I myself, Captain Machi Yoto of the Imperial Army, was standing behind a tree, only a few feet away from where he was inching along.

Signaling to the snipers to leave him unharmed, I let the boy creep past. His back was to me when I stepped out from cover. Now, I was between him and his comrades, who were supposed to be covering his reconnaissance with their machine guns. Smiling scornfully at their childish helplessness, for even as I stood out in the open jungle they could not see me, I drew my sword and snapped one word, "Pig!"

The boy spun around, the mouth of his carbine rising swiftly. But quick as he was, I was much quicker. My long sword struck like a snake. His weapon had hardly moved a quarter of the way toward me, before my keen steel had slid into the depths of his bowels, split through his guts and come out the other side. A hoarse scream came out of his throat and he fell backward so heavily, that the point of my sword stuck into the ground, pinning him to the jungle floor.

His cry was a signal for the machine guns to open up, and I leaped back into the cover of the trees once more, leaving my sword where it was. Our victorious advance would put it into my hands again soon enough, to be used many more times in the way the sword of a samurai was meant to be used, on the useless carcasses of the enemies of the Emperor.

I was smiling as my lieutenant came up to me, breathless with excitement. "Honored Captain, I was frozen with fear that our miserable company would be left without its eyes and ears and brain."

My smile became

(Continued on next page)

Bushido requires perfection. To  
defy the Mikado is to  
demand death!





# How Long Since You've Had a REAL Raise?

**Are you just marking time in your job while  
others move ahead? Here's what you can do about it.**

A man may work for years at his job, and still be worth only a clerk's pay. Without special training, those hoped-for raises come in dribbles.

You can command a much bigger salary than you are now earning—with prestige and privileges to go with it—by getting out of the ranks of the untrained. You can become an expert in the kind of work you like—and employers will seek you out. For in today's vastly expanded business activity, there are more key jobs than there are trained men to fill them.

Without interfering with your present work—and by devoting only a little of your spare time—you can qualify rapidly for the career opportunity of your choice through LaSalle home study.

LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in home education for 53 years. It is the only accredited correspondence University in the country. It has provided training

in business, high school and technical subjects to more than 1,500,000 ambitious men and women.

More than 5,300 Certified Public Accountants today are LaSalle alumni. Each year more Law students enroll with LaSalle than with any other Law School in the country. And LaSalle has earned similar distinctions in all its other departments. Its faculty is college-level and includes some of the country's foremost practicing specialists and instructors. That's why your training is in good, experienced hands . . . why your LaSalle diploma will be respected by every employer.

Mailing the coupon below may be the start of a whole new future for you . . . may be the first step in getting a more important job, higher pay, all of the good things that go with success. Simply check the program in which you are most interested, and we will send you a valuable free booklet describing the opportunities in that field. Mail to LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn, Chicago 5, Ill.



## LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

An Accredited Correspondence Institution

Dept. 6-002, 417 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE catalog and full information on the field I have checked below:

### ACCOUNTING

- Modern Bookkeeping
- Basic Accounting
- Practical Accounting
- Principles of Acctg.
- Cost Accounting
- Federal Income Tax
- Accounting Systems
- Business Law
- Auditing Procedure
- Controllship
- CPA Training
- Complete Accounting

### TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION

- Organization & Mgt.
- Classifications, Rates & Tariffs
- Transportation Agency & Services
- Transportation Law & Regulation

### LEADERSHIP

- Rate Making & Rate Cases
- Complete Traffic & Transportation
- Law of Contracts
- Insurance Law
- Claim Adjusting Law
- Law for Trust Officers
- Law Enforcement
- Business Law
- General Law
- First Year Law
- American Law and Procedure (LL.B. Degree)

### BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

- Principles of Management
- Psychology in Business
- Selling & Sales Management

### MANAGEMENT COURSES

- Basic Management
- Advertising and Marketing
- Production Problems
- Business Financing
- Credits and Collections
- Office Management
- Managing Men
- Accounting & Statistical Control
- Business Correspondence
- Organization & Reorganization
- Legal Problems
- Complete Business Management

### HIGH SCHOOL

- General Business Course
- High School Diploma
- Commercial Course
- Secretarial Course
- Home Management Course

### GENERAL COURSES

- General Culture Course
- Science Course
- Mechanical Course

### DENTAL ASSISTANT

- Dental Assistant

### TECHNICAL COURSES

- Auto Body Fender
- Refrigeration-Air Conditioning
- Diesel
- Drafting
- Welding
- Motor Tunup

### STENOTYPE

- Machine Shorthand

Name..... Age.....

Address..... County.....

City & Zone..... State.....



# THE CODE OF HELL

cold and threatening. "Why, Lieutenant Lichi?" I asked. "Do you think I exposed myself to danger unnecessarily?"

Even there in the stinking Phillipine jungle, with American machine gun bullets whining and snapping through the leaves over our heads, the lieutenant was still even more afraid of me. "No, no, Honored Captain!" he stammered quickly. "I knew that there was no danger whatsoever; that our brilliant leader would come to no harm. The Americans are too stupid."

"Let me explain it to you, Lieutenant," I interrupted coldly. "Perhaps you have never heard of bushido. Perhaps you do not know what it means to be a son of the samurai. What was your father—a dealer in antiques, I understand, a shopkeeper?"

"An exporter of Japanese art, Excellency. He made a great deal of money by it. But of course he was dirt," the lieutenant added hurriedly. "A tradesman. Nothing. Not even possessed of a name of his own. He was the son of a geisha."

"Oh" I permitted my smile to become friendly once more. "In that case, perhaps you have some blood of the samurais in your veins, after all, Lieutenant!" He laughed appreciatively, and I went on. "It is two months since the war began. You have been here only a week, but I have been fighting the American dogs in this jungle for over a month. It was time that my sword tasted some soft flesh, and blood of one of the crawling snakes who are the foes of our glorious Emperor."

"Yes. Bushido, of course," the lieutenant murmured respectfully.

"Bushido," I said. "I am samurai, Lieutenant Lichi, and the son of samu-

rai. It is true that we now fight with machine guns and hand grenades, with airplanes and torpedoes. But for a samurai there is only one glory in war—to see the blood of the Emperor's enemy dripping from the point of his sword."

"I understand perfectly, Honored Captain," Lichi muttered.

**B**UT DID HE? I wonder. Even a Japanese does not always understand the code of the samurai, the code of bushido. Lichi, whose father's money, plentiful as it was, did not save him from death a few months later when he stupidly exposed himself to a Filipino sniper, really was not capable of understanding. Perhaps no one but a samurai is.

Let me give some examples.

During the second year of the war, while I was home on leave in my native city of Kyoto, I witnessed a riot outside a bakery shop. Some miserable cur had raised their voices in protest, merely because the shop had closed without serving them. The sight of Japanese men and women daring to complain of the hardships made necessary by the war, made me tremble with righteous indignation. I was about to interfere, to take steps to silence the noisy vermin, when the police came. They swung their sticks, and in a few moments order was restored, as the complaining dogs went scuttling away as fast as their legs could carry them.

However the police had succeeded in capturing the ringleader of the mob and I watched with satisfaction as two sturdy officers started dragging him off through the street. As they passed in front of me, I addressed the leader of the patrol.

"Sergeant," I called. "Bring that man to me."

"Yes, Honored Captain!" He bowed and signaled the two officers holding the prisoner. They pulled him around and made him stand in front of me.

"What punishment will this animal get?" I asked.

"Oh, great punishment, Excellency," the Sergeant replied. "Six months, maybe a whole year at hard labor."

"Is that all?" I snapped. "Just a year in jail, for raising his voice in insults to our glorious Emperor and the war?"

"He is a railroad fireman, Excellency," the sergeant explained apologetically. "His job is important to the Emperor. Perhaps he won't get even six months."

"Disgraceful!" I was pale with anger. "Tell him to kneel."

For a moment, I thought that the sergeant would disobey me, but finally he spoke to the man, and the fellow fell on his knees right in the middle of the street.

"Bow your head, you dog!" I told him.

"Excellency!" the sergeant began. But before he could interfere, I had acted. My sword sprang to my hand, I lifted it high, and brought its sharp edge down on the exposed neck of the kneeling man. His head leaped from his body and went rolling into the gutter, while blood spurted almost to my feet.

The police sergeant was upset and indignant. Incapable of understanding the code of bushido, which cannot permit any insult to His Imperial Majesty to go unpunished, he did not see why I had to take the law into my own hands. He insisted that I come with him to the magistrate and explain what had happened to his prisoner. Fortunately, the magistrate was a member of the upper class, and I had no trouble making my purpose and my reasoning clear to him.

Another example.

I was not married when the war began, but I might have been, if Yamamata had not been a geisha. She was gloriously beautiful, and it was my supreme joy to visit her in her dainty house outside Kyoto. She played several musical instruments, and sang like an angel. When she danced, it was like a glimpse of heaven. And later in the night when she came to my mat, the skill and tastefulness of her ardent surrender was more glorious than any man can dream.

I loved Yamamata deeply, and I swore her to be mine, and mine alone. Then, in a bar in Manila, I heard an officer, who also came from Kyoto, say that Yamamata, in my absence, was giving her favors to an officer of the Imperial Navy.

The next time I went home on leave I sent Yamamata a message that I was coming. But I did not give her any hint of what I had heard, nor did I ask for any explanation.

She was waiting for me, kneeling upon her mat in the middle of the room, dressed in her most beautiful kimono. She lifted her head, and her lovely face smiled at me, before she bowed deeply, with the homage of a woman in love welcoming home her master. I stood before her, straight and tall, and bowed respectfully in return.

Then she lifted her head and sat smiling at me. I drew my sword, took a step forward, and thrust the steel into her body. The smile was still frozen on her face as she fell over sideways.



*"It's easy," says Don Bolander...  
"and you don't have to go back to school!"*

# How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

**D**o you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

## BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

**Question** What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

**Answer** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

**Question** What do you mean by a "command of English"?

**Answer** A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question** But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

**Answer** No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

**Question** Is this something new?

**Answer** Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

**Question** Does it really work?

**Answer** Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

**Question** Who are some of these people?

**Answer** Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

**Question** How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

**Answer** In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

**Question** How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

**Answer** I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

## MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

**DON BOLANDER**, Career Institute, Dept. OI902C, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# THE CODE OF HELL

That is the code of bushido. Why didn't I tell Yamamata about the rumor I had heard? Why didn't I give her the chance to assure me, if she could, that it was all false, that she had never betrayed me in the arms of another man? I couldn't. It would not have been according to the code of bushido.

Even the rumor alone, baseless though it might have been, was enough to sully the body of my beloved beyond redemption. For her and for me also, there was no way of purification. Explanations, apologies, could do no good. Only the living steel of my sword could cleanse her of the sin. That is bushido.

**LIVE BY THE** code because I am of the blood of the samurais. Perhaps those who read this do not know what samurai is. Perhaps it will be said that samurai no longer exists in Japan, that the order died one hundred years ago, when the Emperor regretfully decreed it to be no longer necessary. True, it does not exist legally. The samurai are no longer the rightful rulers of Japan, their strong arms sworn to their duty as the only fighters worthy of guarding the Emperor and the Shogun. But the legal death of the samurais did not wipe them out—or destroy the code of bushido. Nothing could do that.

On the contrary, it was the still living code of the samurai—the dream of bushido which decreed that all honor and glory belong to Japan and to the Sun Emperor who rules it—that guided our people into this war. Bushido decreed that Japan must be rightful ruler of the Oriental world. It was the code of bushido that led the Japanese first to Manchuria and China, then, after the war against America and Britain began, to Manila, Singapore, and southward to the islands of the Pacific, at the borders of Australia.

I was in Manila with our troops, the day we swept through that city, ruthlessly wiping out the remnants of natives and Americans who tried to defend it.

On the following day I was sent with a squad, to clean out a pocket where resistance had continued all through the night. But, by the time I got there, the vermin had vanished. The district was quiet, and there was no one in sight except an old, bearded policeman who was struggling to lift the beam of a house which had fallen on a small boy.

The old man turned to me as I approached at the head of my squad. Perhaps he intended to ask my help, I don't know. Since he was in uniform, I didn't stop to speak to him, I shot him. And then as an act of mercy, I put a bullet through the head of the screaming boy, as well.

Then we cleaned out the houses. There were nothing but women and children skulking in them. Undoubtedly, however, these people had sheltered the men who had been fighting against us there, just a few hours before and so they had earned whatever punishment we cared to mete out.

I entered one dark stinking room to find a woman with a baby there. Desperate with fear, I suppose, she tried to repel me by throwing the baby at me. I spitted the infant on my sword and

tossed the dead carcass back to her. Then, in order to still her loud screaming, I disemboweled the woman.

My squad followed my example in making a thorough job of that particular nest of rats. When we left the area the bodies of the women and children who had been so unwise as to give shelter and aid to the Emperor's enemies were strewn about everywhere, up and down the street, in the houses, and lying in doorways and windows. They had died wherever we caught them.

Naturally, this was not always our practice. The glorious code of bushido did not forbid the defenders of the Emperor from finding some release from the horrors of war. When the women attracted my men, I gave them permission to take their pleasure. And I too enjoyed myself when the spirit moved me. Those who resisted our advances too seriously usually ended in death. The code of bushido recognizes that a soldier far from home must take his joy where he can find it, even if the girl is one of a lesser race, and not entirely sympathetic.

Wherever we fought, whether in the Philippines or elsewhere in the islands of the South Pacific, the code of bushido entered into the battles against the stubborn Americans and the natives who supported them. For the most part we would have preferred to treat our prisoners well, but the facts of war did not permit us the luxury of any softness. Where food and transportation were short, as they were so often on those thousands of islands we conquered, we could not be expected to deny our own troops of essentials in order to make the prisoners comfortable. Many of the captives died, some of starvation, others by the pistol and the sword and when they were stubborn in their complaints we wasted no time with them. It was the fortunes of war—and bushido.

Furthermore, bushido made it imperative that the lesser races and peoples give us the information we needed. When a Filipino or other islander was stubbornly silent, or when an American Marine would tell us only his name, rank and serial number, we often had to resort to persuasion. Some of it was drastic.

**A**LL THIS, I HOPE, makes clear what the code of bushido is. It is the rule of chivalry, of unflinching courage in war and in the cruel necessities of battle, and of undying devotion to the cause of the Emperor. This is bushido, the code of the knights of Japan's glorious past, the code by which I live. It stands above all other things, above even the personal and ancestral honor of an individual. It requires instant and unquestioning obedience to the written and spoken orders of the Emperor. For the Mikado speaks with the voice of divine revelation. Other responsibilities may come later, when the task is finished, but while the Emperor's work remains to be done, a true samurai must bow his head and obey.

And that terrible ordeal of decision between obedience and honor came to me, as it did to thousands of other men of my breed. For on the fateful day in August, when the Americans loosed

their Atom Bomb on the city of Hiroshima, we knew that the battle had been lost.

I was back in Japan, then, busily engaged in training a frightened, sheepish rabble in the basic facts of military service. We, the true sons of Nippon, had determined that when the Americans invaded, we would fight them to the death, until every drop of Japanese blood had been spilled.

We did not fear the losses. Death is always preferable to dishonor. And death in battle would be the noblest form of atonement we could make for our failure to achieve the victory we had promised the Emperor.

But when the holocaust of Hiroshima was followed by that of Nagasaki, we knew then that even death was hopeless—another bomb or series of bombs might easily kill us like faceless jackals, denying us even our battle right. There was only one alternative.

For the laws of samurai are plain. No samurai or son of a samurai can hope to join his ancestors and bask in everlasting glory at the feet of the Sun God, if he lives on earth without face. To prevent that loss of face, he must join his ancestors at once, by his own hand, in the ancient ceremony of Hara Kiri.

And so, I prepared to take the necessary steps. First, I obtained leave. That was simple once I explained my purpose to my Commanding Officer. He too was a samurai. He understood.

"Go my brother, go in honor. For you have chosen the right path. I too have asked for leave—and for the same purpose. We will meet again, brother, in the land of our ancestors."

The next day, I paid my last respects to my parents. But even as I arose and prepared to join my ancestors, the radio announced the Emperor's surrender. I was stunned, especially when the message called for every officer to stand by with his troops so that the Emperor's purpose might be carried out, faithfully and completely.

I hesitated. Even my aged father, true samurai that he was, urged me to consider my step.

"Your honor, my son, and the honor of our family is a great and noble thing. But the Emperor must surely be aware of that purpose. Yet, in spite of that knowledge he has ordered the officers to stand with their troops. His face has a greater meaning than your own. Surely it would be a greater dishonor to abandon your men, now, in contradiction to his orders, than to salvage your own face. Wait my son. Wait until we are sure."

And then, an hour later, it came. The telephone rang. It was my commanding officer. He practically wept as he cancelled my leave and told me to return. He assured me that he had heard from the Emperor's court itself, that the rite of Hara Kiri be held in abeyance. It was a command.

And so I lived. There is no joy left in me. My life is a dedicated thing. For that afternoon, 13 years ago, I took a second oath in the presence of my honorable ancestors. I swore there a promise, that since the Emperor had taken my honor, I now belonged to him, body and soul. I am at his service. And so I shall be for the rest of my days. Only through that service, faithfully rendered in every detail, can I hope to atone for my sin!

Banzai! Nippon Banzai! •••

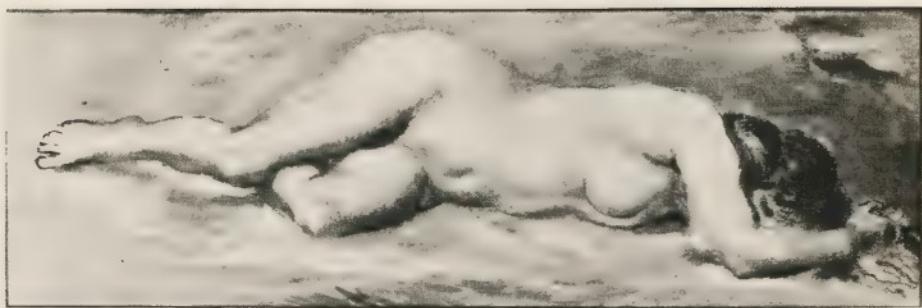


FIGURE by Jon Corbino. Exhibited Chicago Institute of Art. Washington School of Art Collection.

# Be Your Own Art Teacher

New art course develops your hidden talent right at home, under successful artists, for only 20¢ a day

WOULDN'T YOU like to enjoy the life of a successful artist?

Imagine the thrill of illustrating stories and articles for newspapers or magazines. Of working in the art department of an advertising agency designing layouts. Of turning out package designs; art for TV programs, greeting cards, department stores. It's easier than you think. With jobs for trained artists so plentiful these days, it's not unusual for beginners to start at \$95 to \$125 a week. More experienced people often earn \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. And there are plenty of top-notchers in the \$25,000 and up bracket.

As an exciting hobby, Art offers the thrill of creative self-expression, new friends, popularity, self-confidence. Hold "one-man" shows and exhibits.

If you're artistically inclined —like to doodle, sketch a little, fool around with a pencil, it's a good indication that you may have hidden art ability. The Washington School of Art was founded many years ago to uncover this ability in people like you and develop it to where it can make money for you.

## Like Having Art Lessons Right In Your Living Room

Eleven well-known artists have prepared a fascinating Course of Art Instruction for busy people. You take this Course in your home. It costs about 20¢ a day. There's no need to leave school, quit your job, or change your life in any way. In just a few minutes

a day you receive complete training in Oil and Watercolor Painting, Commercial Art, Cartooning, Lettering, Fashion Drawing, TV Art, and much more. No previous art training needed.

So effective is the Washington School of Art Course that it has been likened to "having art classes right in your living room." The secret is personalized instruction. A skilled instructor, assigned to you personally, carefully goes over each assignment you send in. He clearly sets forth his comments, suggestions, and ideas — makes a tissue overlay on your work to show exactly how to improve your technique. You never guess, feel confused or discouraged, or make false starts. It is like having an understanding professional right at your elbow to guide your progress.

## SEND FOR FREE 36-PAGE BOOK

If you are sincerely interested in becoming an artist, mail the coupon today for our illustrated 36-page book, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." It describes the complete Course, special student services, the TWO 22-pc. Art Outfits (worth \$25) given with the Course, and the many "extras" you receive at NO extra cost. tells what students have accomplished. There is no obligation — no salesman will call. **WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 196, Port Washington, N. Y.** Established 1914 — Chartered by the N. Y. State Education Dept.

"The School That Gives So Much for So Little"



**DRAWING.** Even if you "can't draw a straight line," now you can learn to draw at how quickly the Washington School of Art home-study Course has you making well-composed drawings.



**OIL PAINTING.** Imagine the thrill of creating beautiful paintings in oils; holding one-man shows, winning new friends. Noted artists explain step-by-step how to master this fascinating medium.



**CARTOONING.** Hundreds and hundreds of comic strips, cartoons, are published daily by magazines, newspapers, TV commercials, etc. The money is good, and you don't have to be a "great artist."



## OUR STUDENTS SAY:

"Whenever there's a chance to sell my art, I'm struck to be lettered,

or a cartoon needed,

I'm there. My business is building steadily and I look forward to a promising future in art." — H. Reeves,

Jr. Wash. State.

"Am only 18, yet I have

my own studio making

lots of money — because

you are training

D. L. Clegg, Woodwood,

Westerville, Ohio.

"At first I was afraid

I'd dare — for the first time — to present my art to the public,

I am very happy

with the results;

several of my

paintings (\$150 worth)

were immediately

accepted for exhibition

in different cities

in the U. S. —

M. Mexico, Santiago Chile.



**WATERCOLOR.** Watercolor gives you brilliant color-effects without watercolor paint! Mario Cooper, N. A., President of the American Watercolor Society, created the WSA lessons on watercolor.

My favorite branch  
of art is:

- Oil and Watercolor Painting
- Commercial Art and Layout
- Cartooning
- Fashion Illustration
- Figure Drawing
- Fine Art
- Television Art
- Complete Art Course

**WASHINGTON SCHOOL  
OF ART**  
Studio 196  
Port Washington, N. Y.

Please send me — FREE — your new 36-page illustrated book, *Art for Pleasure and Profit*. No salesman will call.

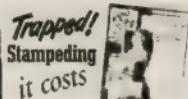
Name..... (PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....



**FASHIONS.** Promoting new fashions is a big business. Many high-pay opportunities are open to men and women in this glamorous field. WSA gives you the specialized instruction you need to cash in on these opportunities.



**LAYOUT & LETTERING.** Ad agencies, stores, newspapers, magazines, TV need artists; pay \$150-\$300 a week. Some WSA students have quickly paid for the entire Course by selling posters, etc., to local merchants.



Above—Doenitz addresses the members of a U-boat crew. This submarine was credited with having sunk over 45,000 tons of Allied shipping. Iron Crosses were handed out to each man. Left—Karl Doenitz after he was finally released from his ten year term in prison. Here he shows result of punishment.

# SEA DEVIL

**Karl Doenitz was a man with only a single idea; to kill Allied seamen by any method that he could find!**

by NORTON KRAYLING

THE ALARM SIREN screamed through the merchantship, as the vessel heaved violently in the swelling Atlantic. Off on the port quarter, a volcano of steam charged out from a slashing hole, while down below, the unholy noise of exploding boilers mixed with the awful yells of bleeding and dying men.

Despite the apparent carnage, above decks all was order. The crew moved about the precise execution of their duties, as under the eye of the captain, they moved toward the boats and prepared to lower them. It was less than five minutes since the German torpedo had caught them squarely beneath

Doenitz personally issued the orders by which submarine commanders shot down helpless seamen with machine guns.



# of the REICH

the engine room, and now, with their boilers burst, with fire below, and with the sea rushing in like an angry monster, there was nothing left to do but to save as many of their lives as possible.

The minutes passed slowly, each like the instant before eternity. Painfully sailors, their skins scalded into huge festering blisters, covered with gobs of flesh and dribelets of blood from their less fortunate buddies, dragged themselves up from below, where the luckier members of the deck crew were attempting to give them some sort of first aid, then hand them into waiting lifeboats.

Finally it was obvious to everyone that time had

run out. The Captain, after making certain that every possible man had gotten off, jumped into the last boat and gave the signal to lower away. Even at that, the men had to do some fierce rowing to escape the dragging clutch of the undertow as the huge freighter turned over in the water and with a last frenzied gasp of almost human pain, sank. Six boats floated helplessly in the water.

They were alone—or at least they seemed to be. The rest of the convoy had long since disappeared over the horizon. All they could do was hope—hope that somehow someone might find them—save them. A scant seventy yards away, the water foamed



## SEA DEVIL

and then broke apart to allow a slim black shape to emerge. The submarine—the same animal that had sunk them, rocked easily on the surface. The conning tower hatch slid open and several men appeared. One of them, obviously an officer, studied the victims of the freighter carefully. Behind him, two men sprang to the guns on deck.

Finally the German officer finished his observation and signalled to his gunners. In short sharp bursts, the two machine guns sprang to life, slowly traversing the helpless men in the life-boats. It didn't take long. The little boats practically disintegrated under the heavy leaden blows. Those who didn't die from gunshot, soon found rest in the icy, deep waters. It was over—finished. There were no survivors.

For those were the orders. That was the plan. The great shipyards of America might turn out ships by the thousand—but unless there were men—experienced men to sail them—they might as well never have been built. Men were the key to it all. Therefore the men must die—no matter how helpless—no matter how beaten—or how wounded.

Karl Doenitz, Grand Admiral of the German Navy, the man who had given that order, had learned his lesson the hard way. But having learned, he never forgot. Undersea warfare can accomplish a lot—but terror can accomplish

even more.

He remembered the sneers of British sailors, who had laughed in the bars of Hamburg and Bremen after the first World War. "You may have broken a few of our ships," they had boasted, but you never broke us. It's the spirit that does it."

And he remembered too the picture of a boatload of survivors of a sinking; his own commander—he had been a very junior officer—had coldly shot them down where they rode. He could still see their faces, white with fear as the guns began to talk. He could hear them screaming above the chatter of bullets—hear them pleading—praying for mercy. There had been no spirit there—no boastfulness.

He remembered, and the memory became his life. To hell with their ships; no one really remembered a ship. It was only a thing of steel and wood—impersonal, unthinking, without meaning. But they never forgot men. When the brine-bloated bodies floated ashore, as they sometimes did—with the bullet holes cutting across their flesh, that did something to the men who had to sail afterwards. It was a nightmare no sailor could ever escape. And as more ships sank, and more men died—that nightmare would grow and grow until it finally broke the enemy into pieces that could never be repaired.

**B**UT DOENITZ WAS more than a mere dreamer of terror. A meticulous and careful planner, he was always just as prepared to look over the smallest detail of an operation as he was in overseeing the grand strategy of naval warfare. Nothing was too insignificant for his personal attention. The state of the ship's filing system, or the accounts of the mess were studied as carefully as battle reports.

He knew personally the names and records of every operational commander in his fleet, as well as most of the junior officers and a good many of the crews. And in selecting his commanders, he paid close attention to choosing men whose outlook and naval philosophy closely approximated his own.

His instructions to these men, both written and oral, leave no doubt whatsoever that he, more than anyone else was responsible, completely and absolutely for the terrible deeds his U-boats accomplished.

The first meeting between Hitler and Doenitz was like a clash of a pair of thunderclouds. Each saw in the other a man who could understand his own outlook. Hitler found a naval officer who could be counted on to carry out the horrors of his Nazi plan with enthusiastic approval. Doenitz saw an ideal leader who was in 100 per cent

(Continued on page 46)

**"You don't need a college diploma but you do need plenty of common sense and . . .**

# You've got to like people"

I guess I've given this same answer to thousands of men and women in the last 40 years. The question itself is worded in different ways . . . but it always has to do with whether an average person can learn my kind of professional work. They are interested because they want to do it as a new full-time occupation . . . or as a dignified spare-time way of making extra money . . . or (because my work is so fascinating) they want to learn it for self-development and for use as a hobby. No matter what your reason for accepting this that I offer you in the story below, your own life will become fuller and each new day will bring you the satisfactions and excitement of new adventure.

By M. N. Bunker

DO PEOPLE interest you? Does knowing what makes people tick intrigue you? Would you call yourself a student of human nature?

I am lucky enough to say this has been my life's work—the study of people, their likes and dislikes, their strengths and their weaknesses. If I had my life to live over again I'd get back into the same field. And if I couldn't do it for pay I'd do it as a hobby. That's how much I like the work I have done all my life.

I'm semi-retired now and look back with complete satisfaction. My life is full and I have made and saved more money than I shall ever need. But of far greater importance to me—I have shown many men and women an interesting way of helping themselves by helping others.

## Is it Magic?

This occupation which I have followed all my life uses a practical science that, many people think, works like magic. True, it may work like magic but this is the kind of miracle that has its feet firmly on the ground—solid as a rock—based on sound logic and proved fact.

If you are mentally mature and if you are intelligent enough to be open minded (which is probably so or you would not have read this far into my message) I want to show you how you can turn your ability into cash . . . how you can achieve emotional well-being and a positive approach to living.

I don't have space here to tell you the whole story of my unique profession/business. And, in any case, I would like first to give you, without charge, a "free sample" of the science of grapho-analysis.

Grapho analysis is the fast growing technique of reading character and personality traits from ordinary handwriting. Please note that this is *not* graphology and has nothing to do with fortunetelling.

## Please be a Doubting Thomas

I hope you are now shaking your head and saying to yourself, "Sounds interesting, but just what can this ability to analyze handwriting do for me?" I want you to be a Doubting Thomas

because thinking people do best with grapho analysis.

Basically, this advanced method of getting significant meaning out of ordinary handwriting is a psychological tool. You can use it to understand people—your loved ones, your employees, your customers, your bosses. With this knowledge of grapho analysis you know how to handle people. You become a practical psychologist. Also, study of your own handwriting will reveal many things about your own strengths and weaknesses that you never before understood very well, if at all.

This knowledge and ability makes you feel different about yourself. You'll feel an inner strength, an inner self-esteem to accompany your new-found understanding. You'll enjoy life more . . . your pleasant positive attitude will bring you confidence and success.

Remember, these inner personal benefits are something you get *in addition* to the money-making opportunities you have in grapho analysis. Many of our members start earning lecture fees (as much as \$50.00 an hour) even before they are through with their training. There is a demand for good grapho analysts to talk before luncheon clubs, civic, fraternal and church groups, conventions, and on radio and television.

Other members make good steady earnings teaching neighborhood study classes, doing counseling and solving family and marital problems. Yes, grapho analysis offers any intelligent



person an exciting new career, one in which you help people and earn good money doing it. Or it can help you with any career, by giving you a deeper understanding of yourself and others.

Business executives use grapho analysis to select their personnel; doctors and nurses use it to understand the emotional natures of their patients. Attorneys and police use it to help in forgery detection and questioned document work. Salesmen find it of great value in dealing with their customers. *Men and women in every walk of life* use and profit by grapho analysis in their everyday business and personal relationships.

## Send for Free Sample Lesson

Without any obligation, test grapho analysis for yourself. See what it can do for you . . . and see what you can do with grapho analysis. Let me send you, entirely free, the big exciting 48-page illustrated book "Evidence in Ink," to acquaint you with this fascinating science of character analysis through handwriting.

Also free, I want to send you a sample lesson in grapho analysis. You'll learn interesting handwriting rules that you can use immediately. Rules that may save you from costly errors, both personal and business . . . rules that will help you to *really* know people.

Remember, this is all free. I want you to have it with no strings attached. Just write your name and address in the coupon below, and mail the coupon to me. I'll immediately send you the material postpaid, without any cost or obligation. Fill in and mail the coupon today, sure.

## M. N. BUNKER, International Headquarters

Department FZ-182

325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

M. N. Bunker, International Headquarters  
325 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. FZ-182, Chicago 6, Ill.

Please send me the free book "Evidence in Ink" and a free sample lesson in grapho analysis. I understand that there is no cost or obligation on my part. (No salesman will call.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

# AMAZING MUSIC DISCOVERY

## Has You Playing Real Music The Very First Time You Try!

**Thousands Now Play Who  
Never Thought They Could  
— Requires No Teacher — No  
Boring Practice of Scales  
and Exercises . . .  
QUICK, EASY, INEXPENSIVE!**

If you are one of the many thousands who have always wanted to play music, yet hesitate to learn because "it takes too long," or "it costs too much"—here's wonderful news! Now, with this modern home-study course, you can actually play your favorite instrument *the very first time you try*—and you can go on to master that instrument in a much shorter time than you'd ever imagine possible!

### NO "SPECIAL TALENT" REQUIRED

No previous training needed — no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this amazing music discovery will have you playing *real melodies* instead of practicing tedious scales and exercises. Earliest lessons consist of delightful songs, hymns, waltzes, etc. Clear, simple directions and large, show-how pictures teach you exactly what to do, so you can't go wrong . . . even if you don't know a single note of music now! Soon you'll be playing ALL your favorite songs and compositions *by note!*

### NO BORING SCALES OR EXERCISES

Over 1,000,000 people the world over have taken up this easy-as-A-B-C way to learn music. It's all so clearly explained, so easy to understand that even children "catch on" quickly. Yes, ANYONE can learn to play piano, violin, accordion, guitar or any other instrument. No inconvenient lesson periods—no expensive hourly tuition. You learn in spare time of your own choosing. You become your own music teacher . . . and progress as rapidly or as leisurely as you wish. And lessons are only a few cents each, including valuable sheet music you'll keep always! The whole family can learn for the price of one.

### STOP CHEATING YOURSELF OF THESE JOYS

Why not let this U. S. School of Music course bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity! New friends. Gay parties. Good times. More self-confidence and poise. Extra money from playing or teaching. Possibly even a brilliant musical career. Best of all, the deep personal satisfaction of being able to create your own music—provide your own entertainment!

WHICH MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DO YOU WANT TO PLAY?



**PIANO** "I hope others will discover it easily and cheaply you can learn to play this wonderful course."—MRS. J. G. ROGERS, Neosho Rapids, N. C.



**GUITAR** "It's been fun. Haven't cost anywhere near as much as a private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances."—HOWARD HOPKINS, B. Syracuse, N. Y.



**ACCORDION** "Have completely mastered the piano accordion. I teach my wife, my son, my nephew, and play my accordion at big affairs that pay."—HOWARD VAN ORDEN, Bloomingdale, N. J.



**VIOLIN** "I learned more in three months with you than in two years by myself. I have played for dances."—IVAN W. DAYLEY, Disco, Nebr.

### ...OR ANY OF THESE OTHER INSTRUMENTS:

- |  |                                      |                                       |
|--|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Tenor Banjo | <input type="checkbox"/> Trombone     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Trumpet, Cornet                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele     | <input type="checkbox"/> Steel Guitar |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pipe, Electronic,<br>Reed Organ | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet    |                                       |

64  
*Successful Years*

### SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Let us SHOW you why our way to learn music is so EASY—and so much FUN! See for yourself why our course has been so successful since 1898. Clip and mail coupon for our valuable 36-page FREE BOOK. No obligation; no salesman will call. You can make to very much for you for the rest of your entire life—if you will mail the coupon at right TODAY!

U. S. School of Music, Studio 176, 100 Washington, N. Y., Est. 1898—Chartered by the N. Y. State Education Dept.

### U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Studio 176, 100 Washington, N. Y.

I am interested in learning to play, particularly the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "Now You Can Learn Music In Your Own Home." NO obligation. No salesman is to call.

- |   |  |                                   |
|---|--|-----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piano          | <input type="checkbox"/> Bassophone        | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitar         | <input type="checkbox"/> Trumpet, Cornet   | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steel Guitar   | <input type="checkbox"/> Pipe, Electronic, | <input type="checkbox"/> Trombone |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Violin         | <input type="checkbox"/> Reed Organ        | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pipe Accordion | <input type="checkbox"/> Tenor Banjo       |                                   |

Do you have instrument?  Yes  No  
Instruments, if needed, supplied at special reduced prices.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Carefully)

Address.....

City & Zone No. .... State .....

I am under 18, check here for Booklet A

# **THIS MAN IS THE MOST WANTED**



# **CRIMINAL IN THE WORLD**

**AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW with the only surviving NAZI Kingpin**

*turn page ▶*

**An Egyptian reporter tells the astounding story of his secret meeting with the top war criminal!**

by KASSIM GAMALI

SEVERAL WEEKS ago, I had the opportunity and privilege of meeting the man who is probably the most important political refugee of our time, the former Vice-Fuehrer of the German Reich, Herr Martin Bormann. As had been promised by the men who arranged the interview, Herr Bormann spoke to me quite freely, answering any and all questions that I put to him. He held nothing back, not even when the conversation turned on the obviously delicate subject of Germany's defeat and the mistakes responsible for that defeat. Herr Bormann made no apologies for what he did in the past. Nor was he the least bit reticent about his program for the future.

Naturally, I am not going to reveal the hiding place of the distinguished German patriot. It is enough to say that at the time of our meeting, Herr Bormann gave me sufficient secret information and documents that have since convinced persons in the highest positions of the authenticity of my account. Martin Bormann also not only gave me permission to make use of the information I gathered, but actively encouraged me to have it published as widely as possible. His reason was simple. He desires that all Germans, still in sympathy with the heroic ambitions of the Aryan people and their allies, should know that he is healthy, active and in the process of preparing plans for the future success of Hitler's glorious dream.

So much for the explanation. Now to the meat of the matter.

"The practical political realities," said Mr. Bormann, "require that we not duck the issue. Germany lost the war. Therefore, before we can proceed to further action, it is vital to know why the fatherland lost. The reason is basic. We underestimated our enemies. Despite all the superiority of the German soldier, it was a physical impossibility for 70 million people to fight 700 million, simultaneously. And when these enemies were basically of German blood the result was inevitable."

"Both the British and the Americans are largely of Aryan descent—and this native ability, even when diluted, made a solid center of resistance on which our enemies could build."

"Now who are these enemies? Any student of history and geography must realize that they are twofold—first the Slavic peoples of the east; second the Latin peoples to the south."

"Much as I hate to say it, therein lay Hitler's

(Continued on page 50)

Deputy Fuehrer, Martin Bormann, takes the salute as the conquering German Wehrmacht marches along Berlin's Unter Den Linden!



# MARTIN BORMANN'S RECIPE FOR CONQUEST



Adolph Hitler salutes his horde of Nazi troops as they move along the countryside towards Warsaw.



After the capture of the city, prisoners were paraded through the streets under Nazi guns.

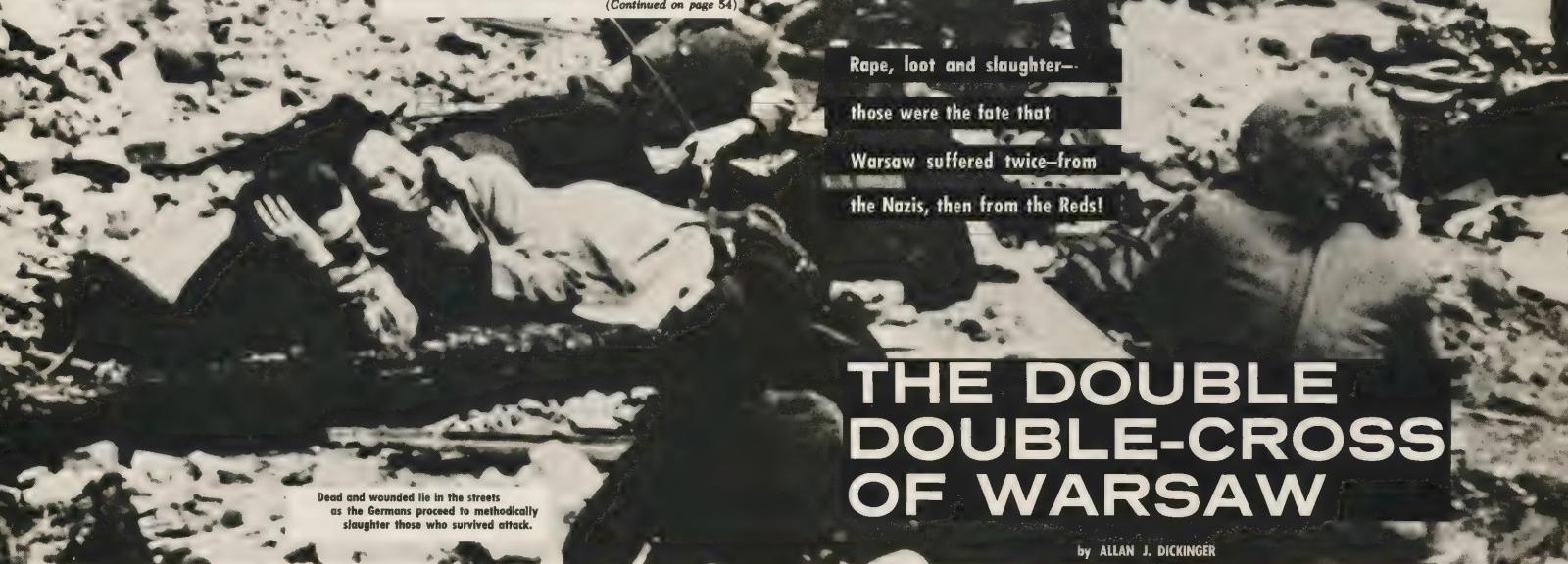
JANUARY, 1945. It was cold in Warsaw. The rubble-pocked streets were slippery where a slick sheet of ice had formed. Here and there, a huddled, frightened figure wriggled hurriedly along the darkened pavement. For soon the last rays of daylight would disappear. And in the dark, the shadowy passageways of the broken city were the abode of death.

Then suddenly the sound of drunken singing swirled from around a distant corner. A moment later, three men hove into view, arms interlocked, voices shrill and wavering in drunken laughter. Apparently these men, at

(Continued on page 54)



Rape, loot and slaughter—  
those were the fate that  
Warsaw suffered twice—from  
the Nazis, then from the Reds!



Dead and wounded lie in the streets as the Germans proceed to methodically slaughter those who survived attack.

## THE DOUBLE DOUBLE-CROSS OF WARSAW

by ALLAN J. DICKINGER

**I**F HOWARD DALE had remained in the United States he probably would have achieved a certain amount of notoriety as a penny-ante punk and cheap gangland weasel. He was well on his way to becoming both when he deserted from the Army and went over to the Chinese Communists in 1950.

"Howard was always a problem child," his shame-ridden parents in Michigan say.

"Howard Dale was always a sneak-thief, a cowardly sadist and a bum," is the way most of the people in his hometown describe him. "He was a no-good, sniveling little punk."

Dale was only 24 years old at the time of his defection to the Communists in 1950, yet various Michigan police records show that he had been previously arrested eight times on charges ranging from petty theft to armed robberies. On each occasion, his

dating, well-to-do parents used money and influence to get him off the hook. He was never brought to trial on any of these charges.

It is easy to imagine that many persons—including members of his own family—heaved great sighs of relief when Howard Dale somehow managed to wangle his way into the Army in November, 1949. They hoped that military life and discipline would work the necessary miracles and straighten him out.

On the contrary, his short-lived military career was marked by an unending succession of punishment details and courts-martial which culminated in his desertion to the Chinese Communists. When he went over to them, he took along army documents and papers he'd stolen from his divisional headquarters to prove to the Communists that he was a man who meant business!

Such was the character of Howard Robert Dale, the surly, slimy little rat and traitor who has become one of Red China's bloodiest and most powerful.

(Continued on page 50)

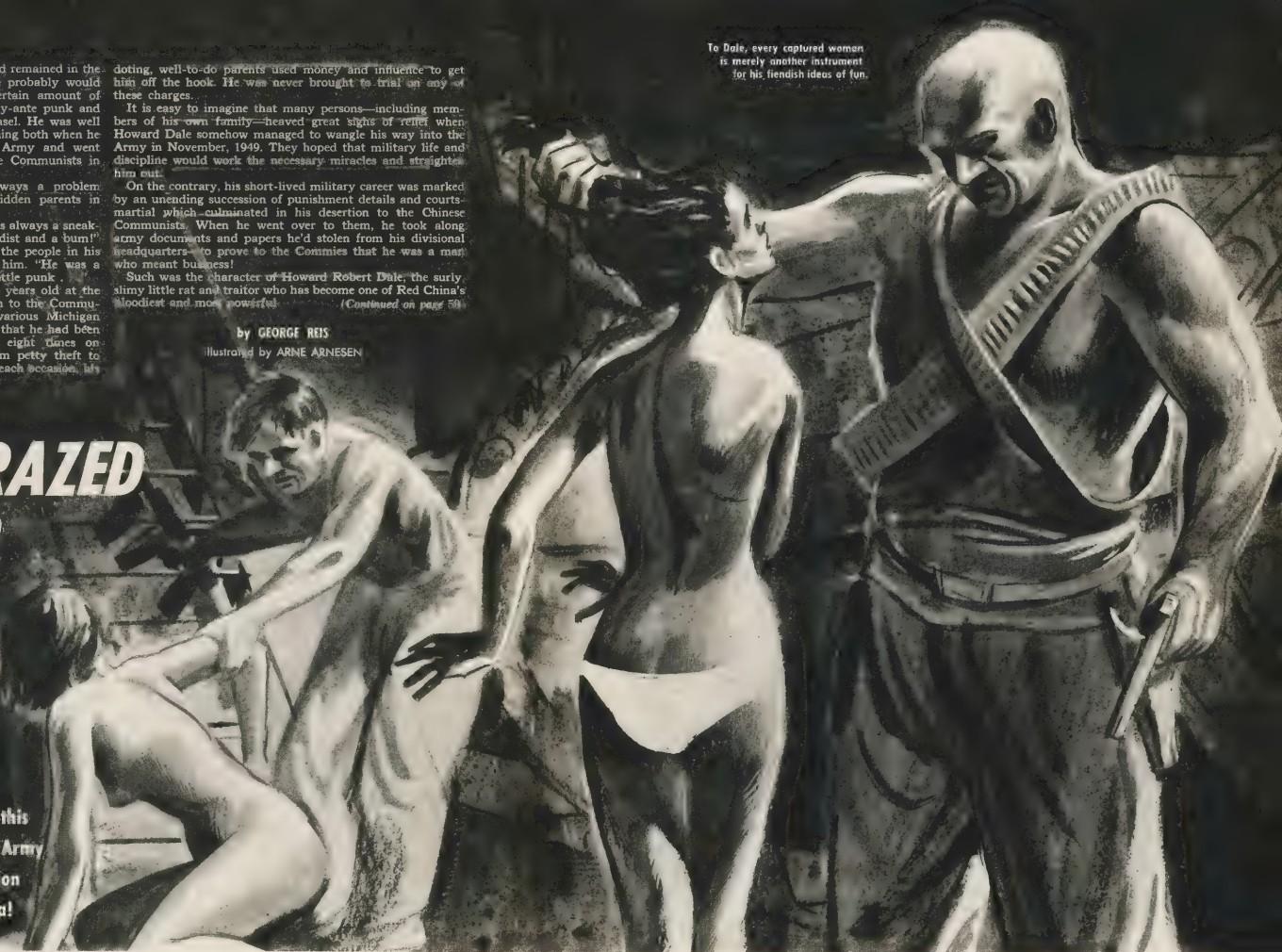
by GEORGE REIS  
Illustrated by ARNE ARNESEN

## HOWARD DALE

# SEX-CRAZED KILLER *of the* CHINA REDS

Traitor, killer, sadist, this defector from the U.S. Army has risen to the position of General in Red China!

To Dale, every captured woman is merely another instrument for his fiendish ideas of fun.



## REHABILITATION OF POLITICAL UNDESIRABLES

It is essential that political prisoners being given instruction in proper ideology be impressed vigorously with the relationship between the state and the individual. Political officers will place prisoners in a position, such that excruciating pain becomes mentally associated with political error. Thus, a prisoner, with arms lifted from the front, wrists facing forward, and raised above the head, will be intimately questioned as to ideology. If an incorrect answer is given, the arms will be jerked sharply upward, dislocating them at the shoulder joints. Correct answers will be rewarded by an easing of the tension. If this procedure is continued over a number of weeks, proper personal political orientation will be assured.



**Excerpts from the official Nazi handbook  
for Concentration Camp Commanders**

# ILLUSTRATED TORTURE MANUAL

## DISOBEDIENCE PROCEDURES

Disobedience in a prisoner is not to be tolerated. During the winter months, full advantage is to be taken of the weather as a punishment method. Examples are to be made in front of a full assemblage of prisoners. The individual to be punished will be stripped naked, then staked down in the open ground. Freezing water in generous quantities will be dumped over them. Respite of ten minutes will be allowed between each pail, to permit freezing of the previous bath. After the body has been well glazed with ice, it will be abandoned to slow certain death.

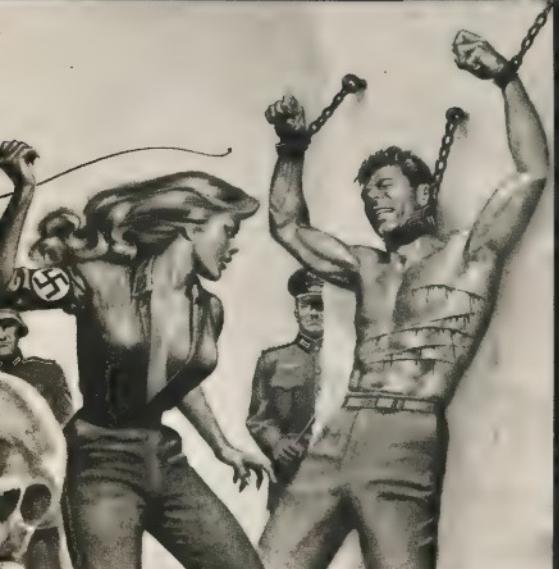


## RENDERING METHODS FOR HUMAN FATS

On the orders of the SS Command, experiments will be carried out to extract human fats, for the industrial use of the Reich. The suggested methods are diverse. One possible manner of operation will be to create an assembly line of brass boxes, each large enough to contain a human being. These boxes will be cannulated along the bottom with a catch basin in the rear. After placing a human in each box, it will be swung into an open flame. As fat blisters are formed on the skin, a guard will puncture them, allowing the fats to drain, to aid collection.

## UNIT DISPOSITION OF UNRULY POW'S

In the event that it becomes necessary to destroy prisoners of war, beyond the need for any international explanations, such POW's will be removed via the furnaces. Such furnaces are to be kept apart from those used in domestic service. To insure the total incineration of both flesh and bone, the fires will be maintained at a temperature of not less than 1000 degrees, Centigrade. Individual flame jets will be set to a height of not less than two metres. Incineration will be carried out by the designated guards so no trace of human form remains.



## INTERROGATION PROCEDURES

Experience has shown that Allied prisoners fully expect to give only name, rank and serial number. In cases where officers have any reason to believe that valuable information is known to a prisoner, heavy lashing is to be used. Lashes are to be given in a series, with not more than ten strokes in each. Following each set, wounds are treated with a strong bleaching agent. Questioning may be resumed between lashings. Few prisoners will have the strength to resist.

# COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE INFORMATION EXTRACTION RECOMMENDED METHODS

Counter-intelligence agents are to be given a free hand in dealing with captured spies. The double object of first gaining information and second, destroying the prisoner is to be followed. We have found that the spiked press offers many advantages along these lines. First, variations in pressure and penetration of the spikes can be used as both threat and promise. Second, the very sight of this instrument in operation has a deep effect on the sufferer's mind, the view of descending needles, especially toward the face and eyes drives even the most strongly willed to terror. Patients can be teased as long as any hope remains of gaining further information. At the conclusion of the exercise, the press is driven home to execution.



**Wild with power, beyond the control of even the Mikado, the  
furious dictator went on a rampage of torture and death!**



This picture of American soldiers on the Philippine death march sent Tojo into wild peals of hysterical laughter.

# HIDEKI TOJO Mad Butcher of the East

by HIRAM MCKEEVER

I DON'T THINK I'll ever forget the first time I saw Tojo. It was a raw damp day, the wind cutting cold and sharp across the January sky. It was 1943 and I was a POW, living, if you could call it that, in a stinking hell-hole they called a prison camp some thirty miles or so northwest of Tokyo.

They'd routed us out of bed at three AM, and for hour after damnable hour we were set to work polishing, scrubbing, cleaning every inch of the place, wood, stone, even the bloody earth itself had to be raked down smooth—and washed.

Then the great man came, strutting along like a pigeon-toed midget, prancing across the open yard, hardly looking to his right or left. He barked out orders like a little steam whistle, and all the Nips around bowed and smiled and nodded as if they were all peaches and cream.

He wanted to inspect a prisoner, so they pulled a man out of line, hauled him up before the mighty general, pushed a bayonet at his back until he kneeled down, while the Prime Minister of Japan prodded him in the ribs with a swagger stick, pinched his

arms and legs to see if he still had flesh on him, looked into his mouth as if he were a horse, then, giving him a shove that sent the poor Joe over on his face, the general strode on, not even looking behind to see what had happened.

Evidently the boss-man must have given the place a good report, because nothing changed—at least not for the better. He must have decided that the soldier he'd "inspected" was OK too. That was a joke. The poor GI—funny, I can't even remember his name anymore—was already half dead from dysentary and passed away before the week was out. But what was that to Tojo?

I never actually saw Hideki Tojo again. But I can thank him for one thing. He gave me something to live for that day—hate—thick, brainfilling blood-burning hate. And I needed that hate back then, because I was reaching the kind of semi-limbo mental collapse that curdles a man's will to survive. I might have died if it hadn't been for the picture that kept rolling around in my mind of a savage, strutting

(Continued on next page)



Following his first vehicle attack,

Taji lies grimacing with pain as a  
man with a shot below the knee.

# Mad Butcher of the East

monster in a gaudy uniform, cackling out threats, croaking his predictions of how he, Tojo, was going to rule the world.

Funny thing, too. A lot of the Japs must have hated him as well. There was a guard, a plain little Japanese buck private. He saw the look I threw at Tojo as he stomped out of the compound. And later on, the little Nip whispered to me, when no one was watching, "He not good man. He no love Emperor. Tojo love only Tojo. You dirt, we just as much dirt."

Not that the little guard treated me any better for that small bond of sympathy. He was a Jap and I was an American prisoner. We were enemies. I was no better than a slave, as far as he was concerned. But still it was something, a little flash of insight, that let me know that even in the Empire of the Rising Sun, all was not completely serene.

We blamed everything on Tojo after that. We heard how he ordered our rations cut; how he personally restricted the use of medicines for sick GI's; how he increased our working hours by executive fiat; how he decreed death to any POW who refused to bow to a Japanese officer.

Later on—a lot later on—the war ended and I became a civilian again. That was an advantage, because I could look into things, check back on the record, find out the truth about those wartime rumors.

Maybe they weren't all true. But MOST OF THEM WERE. I learned Japanese in that POW camp—how to read it, understand it. I SAW the paper ordering the ration cut—saw it with the great big Tojo characters neatly penned by hand as the signature. As for the medicine thing—I held the edict in my hand, held it while I read it through three times, then handed it to another person to double-check.

And that doctor, that Japanese doctor who was acting as my guide explained what had happened, how it came about.

He had been in the room, a very junior medical aide, while his boss, one of the top men in the Japanese medical corps, protested the order in the name of medicine.

"Tojo screamed at him and struck him in the face with a riding crop," my doctor friend told me. "He howled at my superior as if he were a dog, instead of a full colonel in the Army."

"Prisoners are cattle, filth," Tojo shouted. "I wish all of them were dead. And after we have won this war I will make them wish they were. What right have our enemies to medicines, when good Japanese soldiers are dying of malaria in the southern Pacific islands?"

"My superior tried to explain that dysentery, typhoid, tuberculosis had nothing to do with malaria, but Tojo wouldn't listen."

"Medicines are for the brave, for the heroes. These are not men. They are animals. We permit them to live only to work. When they can no longer work, they die. When a dog has temper, one kills it. It is the same with American dogs."

"But," my colonel tried to interrupt. "Tojo cut him off with the curt command—Be quiet and get out!"

"We bowed and we left. What else could we do? To have argued further would have been suicide. He was in command. One does not fight with one's general. Not in Japan. Not in any army. We tried to do what we could to ease the order. But it wasn't much. No one could have done anything. Everyone feared Tojo. Perhaps even the Emperor did too—for a time. Tojo was mad. And when a madman controls the absolute reins of power, the world can be a terrible place indeed."

Another Japanese acquaintance of mine, told me other things about the man who claimed such a heroic position among his countrymen.

Tojo always liked to think of himself as a great fighter. But somehow, when there was fighting to be done, the general always seemed to find important work, elsewhere. Other members of the general staff, the admiralty and even members of the Imperial cabinet, made a habit of visiting some of the fighting areas. But not the premier.

"Why on the day you Americans first bombed Tokyo—it was such a little raid, too, Tojo was one of the first to take shelter. He stayed down below for hours. Not until the last American bomber was either downed, or reported passing over the coast, did he come up. By afternoon, of course, he was all bluster again, strutting about, giving orders for the treatment of all ailment taken prisoner. He wanted them all killed, naturally."

**I**N MANY WAYS, Hideki Tojo was like the old-time Japanese Shoguns. For while theoretically a servant of the Emperor, actually he paid no attention to the opinions and will of his masters, though he invariably issued all orders in the Emperor's name.

One of the worst examples of this was in his opium policy. For while the Emperor detested drugs and all they stand for, the Prime Minister saw in opium an instrument of conquest. All through the Chinese conflict that had been going on for almost a decade, Tojo had been one of the strong advocates of using drugs to break the will of the Chinese. Later, when American POW's

began coming under his domination, he tried experiments to see if our people would be as easy to handle, opium-wise, as the Chinese.

He had 100 American prisoners taken to a special camp, where they could be under constant observation. There, he saw to it that they were forcibly given opium in various quantities.

Fortunately for us, the men selected were in extremely poor physical shape, primarily due to the impossible conditions on the ships that had brought them to Japan. Undernourished, sick with dysentery, every one of them died within a month or less. I say fortunately, because for one thing, if they had lived, they would have become that most pitiable of things, drug addicts in the worst sense, and secondly because success would have meant that thousands of other Americans would have been given the same treatment.

As it was, Tojo concluded, erroneously, that western physiques for the most part were unsuited to opiates in large amounts. He never tried another large scale experiment, though he toyed with the idea, continuously. He had certainly planned to distribute drugs in large quantities in the United States, after he had won the war.

More than anything else, Tojo hated western women. Why, no one seems to know. As far as can be discovered, he had never shown any inclination toward them, or even seemed to pay attention to them before Pearl Harbor, but later on they seemed to become almost a fetish with him.

As a result of his conquest of the Philippines, Malaya and the Dutch Islands, he suddenly found himself in command of several thousand western female prisoners, including both American and British nurses.

A fair percentage of these women were treated abominably, being subjected to repeated rape, physical and mental degradation of every kind. Many were turned over to sadistic and even perverted practices.

That Tojo knew of these occurrences and approved of them is a matter of record. Both the International Red Cross and his own military inspectors reported the treatment given these women on numerous occasions. In some instances, he was personally given the names of both victims and their tormentors, and in addition their rank and serial number. Such reports, bearing notations that they were to be seen personally by the Prime Minister were studiously ignored. Right up to the last weeks of the war, there was no instance of any of these vile men being even so much as reprimanded.

In fact, at least once, it was reported

that Tojo told an officer, "Treat them roughly, the rougher the better. It's only right that these women learn quickly that the Japanese are their lords and masters. When we march into the United States I will make it law that any woman who resists a Japanese by even so much as a glance, shall be subject to instant execution."

Senora Elvira C\_\_\_\_\_, a well-to-do lady I met in the Philippines told me that she had been in a prison camp inspected by Tojo. An American major approached the Prime Minister as senior representative of the American POW's held there, and officially protested the treatment being handed out to several American nurses.

When the major stated that the nurses were military personnel, holding official rank in the US Army, Tojo waved him away with the statement, "Women as military officers! Nonsense! We Japanese do not recognize the right of women to hold rank. If they are with the Army, they are obviously camp-followers, prostitutes. Very well, we will treat them as such." And after ordering the American to return to his barracks, he told the camp commander to turn the American women over to the troops where "they can have an opportunity to practice their profession for the benefit of the Empire."

Senora C\_\_\_\_\_, who was being used as a kitchen slavey in the Japanese officers' mess reported all this was said in her presence and stated further that she had testified to the story under affidavit after the liberation of the Philippines.

When, by the beginning of 1945 Tojo realistically realized that the war was slipping away from him and that the odds were overwhelming that Japan would be defeated, he became excessively morbid. It was his firm belief that the loss of a war would be a disgrace that no Japanese could bear. He therefore felt it necessary that every subject of the Empire should resist invasion to the point of death.

"It may be that the Americans will capture these Islands, but it is not necessary that any Japanese should be forced to look upon them, bow down to them and serve them. Rather, the Japanese people will be extinct."

The ideal of Kamikaze was to him a thing of beauty. He also toyed with such ideas as arming every citizen of the empire, poisoning the water, wells and streams, infecting the old and infirm with various plagues and booby-trapping babes in their cribs so that Americans who tried to care for them would be blown up. Luckily, these gently humanistic ideals of the Japanese dictator did not come to fruition.

Yet strangely, though he was feared, and to an extent even hated by many of his people, he was also understood by most of them.

"Tojo was a man out of his time," a Japanese told me. "He was a mixture of the ancient and the modern. And the



Hideki Tojo at the height of his power, addressing the Japanese Diet. He was so feared by his own people, that not one person dared to offer him opposition.

ancient predominated. The trappings of modern science and civilization were only better means to power. But the use of the power, the ideals he tried to bring about were those of antiquity. He would have been completely at home a thousand years ago. In those days his actions would have been completely normal. He was almost a reincarnation of the violent Shoguns who massacred peoples by the thousands in medieval times, even slaughtering their own families if it became necessary to do so to maintain their own power. You Americans have never heard of the terrible Hojo family who once commanded all Japan. Yet even today, more than a thousand years after the last of them perished, they are still

cursed in this nation. Their names are still used to frighten naughty children. Hideki Tojo might well have been one of their descendants. Perhaps he was, since he came from a noble family, and as is well known, all of the great nobles were related, at some point or other in history.

The mad butcher of Japan is dead now. That at least is some consolation to me and to millions of others who suffered at his hands. And yet, even in death he managed to cheat justice. For despite the watchfulness of all the guards set over him, he committed suicide.

Where he has gone, no one can say. For even the lowest pit of Hell is far too good for him.

To Inga Karel, sex and pain were identical. And she saw to it that we

POW's knew it as well

# THE TORTURING TART OF STALAG 9

by TONY SORRENTINO  
Illustrated by ULRICH DONNER

**T**HE WHIP screamed across the room, splitting my ear, slicing through my cheeks like a white hot razor. I felt the blood spurt, and through red-fogged eyes, I looked at Inga Karel. She was laughing. She was watching my every reaction, her body arching as she tried to send the pain I was feeling.

She cracked the whip again. The knotted leather tip chewed into my back, driving shreds of dirty shirt cloth into my flesh. Blood splattered the wooden walls and I screamed—screamed as pain jolted into my brain, as my reason cracked. And she laughed at me.

I tucked my head down and lurched toward her. My fingers were outstretched, aching to coil around her throat. My feet were throbbing lead weights. But if it was the last thing I would do on this earth, I was going to strangle Inga Karel—beautiful, evil, degenerate Inga Karel.

She leaned against her desk, casually picking up a Luger and pointing it at me. She barked her raucous, bitter laugh. "Gut! Keep coming toward me, dog! First I will shoot you through the knees. Then I will shoot you through the shoulders. Finally I will shoot you in the belly. You will learn what real pain is!"

I already knew. I had learned about pain until there was no further agonies left for me. The Luger held no terrors, for it would be faster, easier. But I would not be whipped to death. My hands reached out . . .

Inga smiled. Her knuckles grew white as her finger tightened on the trigger.

**I** BOUGHT mine on February 18, 1943, trying to run away from the nightmare known as Kasserine Pass. I was running, trying to save yours truly, when it happened. I was running—then I was flying through the air. I never heard the explosion.

Whether it was an HE shell that landed nearby, or a concussion grenade, I'll never know. I came to with the smell of cordite in my nostrils and the taste of gall in my mouth. Afrika Corps soldiers were pulling me off the ground, trying to get me on my feet.

"My leg," I screamed—and passed out again.

There was a long series of drugmazes involving ambulances, field hospitals and operating rooms—then a ship and more ambulances. On a hospital train heading north through Italy, I found my left leg in a cast from hip to ankle.

In a hospital at Augsburg, Germany, they put me together again, and from there I was taken to an interrogation center. A Wehrmacht Major handled the questioning. I gave him the "Sgt. Tony Sorrentino" routine, followed by the same dreary set of serial numbers—once, twice—a thousand times.

After the millionth time he lost his temper and backhanded me across the face. Almost numb then, I slugged back. He didn't do anything. He just smiled at me. And sent me to Stalag 9, the hell hole for bad actors.

\* \* \* \*

We were stuck out on the flat plain near a town called Ilmenau. We could see plenty, but that was it. There were two electrified fences between us and freedom, between which

(Continued on page 62)



WOLLWEBER

# THE SPY WHO BUILT AN EMPIRE

by KURT SINGER

The Commie master of sabotage and kidnapping, is the principal architect of the tactics of Red terror in modern day Germany!

• "TO HELL WITH words, to hell with Marxism, Leninism, Stalinism—all isms. If fewer books had been written about the revolution, the Soviet flag would fly over every country of the world today. I don't have time to read about revolutions; I make them."

These are the straightforward words spoken by a black-clad rebel who discarded all theories of revolutions and lived the well-calculated cruelties and the deep drifting dynamics of the political upheavals of our time. He cultivates chaos as one cultivates mushrooms, planting his rebellious ideas in the dark places of men's mind and nurturing subversion with warm patience and shrewd attention.

For forty years this rebel has been driven by only one thought, one wish, one dream—to prepare revolutions, to organize uprisings and to sabotage the armies, navies and manpower of his enemy.

His vicious, communist activities have

*Continued on next page*



irritating to most of his superiors.

# WOLLWEBER

left bloody footprints on the roads of the globe, his secret offices have been in the capitals of the world or, if needed, in isolated, idyllic farms or road houses where no one would ever expect to find him. The eye of a hurricane is his anteroom.

No one will ever know how many ships this man has sent to rot and disintegration amid the coral strewn on rocky, watery wastes of the seven seas.

Women and liquor have been his great luxury. Like Danton, he maintains a good revolutionist needs a different woman every night.

All his life he has been fortunate. He has a magic touch with revolutions—and with women. No woman ever betrayed him. All have helped him, and many a woman agent of his own network has saved his life and freedom.

Physically, he is no Herculean figure of a man. Barely five-feet tall and weighing over two-hundred pounds, his silhouette is globular. His hands are chunky with short, roughly textured flat fingernails. But women have been fascinated by him and held as helpless and unable to escape as the bird charmed by a cobra.

As the years have swirled around him, his rapidly receding hair has revealed a hard, round forehead over which his palid skin stretches so tightly it gleams from the bone structure beneath. His mouth is both thick and straight—when it isn't screwed into sneers, snarls and expressions of derision or command. When he laughs his mirthless bellow, his lips pull back, exposing yellowed teeth, and leave his listeners with the feeling they have just heard the roar of the devil himself.

In a relaxed mood, he appears to be almost asleep. The thick crinkled lids close to a thin line, but in times of anger he thrusts his chin forward and, by a movement that seems to come from the top of his skull, puckers his forehead up, forcing his eyes open to reveal round, expressionless pupils that somehow resemble the flat, ghostly eyes of an owl spotted at night by flashlight.

He is a man who is never weak, emotional or undecided. His brain is a chess player's, planning and scheming moves that may come to pass days, weeks, years in the future. Power is his weapon; there is no time for arguments, no margin for errors. Just orders and obedience. There is no place for theories or philosophies. "Theories are for eggheads, weaklings and false idealists. I am a man of action."

Underlying his active life, however, there has been a strong factor of patience, the ability to wait until situations foment and are ripe for detonation. His calmness and stoicism have been vastly

HE HAS SEEN them all come and go. There were Sinoviev and Kamenev. Radek and Trotsky. There were the spy chiefs of the Soviet Union from Yagoda to Beria. They died, but he remains. He deliberately has chosen to stand alone from his colleagues and bosses. Illusions are not a part of his life, and perhaps this is the reason "The Pancake on Feet" has survived forty years without being liquidated during the many changing waves of world revolution.

There have been the rightists, the leftists, the reconcilers, opportunists, the bootlickers, the "Ode-to-Stalin" reciters, the militarists and the nihilists, the little dictators, the Titoists and the Russian varieties of McCarthyites. They all ended up in the human dump heap of the world revolution. This mastermind remains on the top of Red Olympus.

He may look like a weather balloon who lives with only a few fragments of human relationships, but he has the entire law-enforcement machine of the world worried about his next schemes.

This man who sounds like a fictional character invented by the hysteria of a neurotic author is very much alive. He is a wanted man, a hunted man, a man with many faces but only one thought. His name is Ernst Wollweber.

"For thirty years I have had no fixed residence, not since I ran away from my home in Saxony as a young boy," he says. "I have been on the move, traveling, organizing and listening. I work hard and sleep little."

Wollweber drinks a great deal. With the lavishness typical of his life, twenty bottles of beer is a normal ration per day.

Until his appointment by the Russians as Minister of State Security of the DDR (Soviet German Republic), spy chief for Eastern Germany and later for the fourteen Soviet satellite countries, Wollweber snarled at the thought of wearing stiff shirts or ties.

He has never feared Communist leaders and has watched them ascend and topple. Perhaps this is the reason he has made no effort to tread the tightrope of the party line as carefully as many of the others.

When called an anarchist, he gives a giant guffaw. "I'm proud to be a Communist, and I believe in a strong central government—but I hate intellectuals, even in my own party."

"Are you a revolutionary socialist?" a foreign correspondent visiting East Germany asked. Wollweber answered, "Call me anything you please. Call me a beast . . . call me a fanatic . . . call me inhuman, as the rest have done. BUT, never forget I am a proletarian first. I come from the class of have-nots. My father was a starving coal miner whose only relaxation in life was to get drunk and beat my mother. She worked as a poorly paid worker in a weaving factory until tuberculosis ate out her lungs. I'll never forgive that.

"Our life was hard. *Wir haben Kohldampf geschenken.*" ("We had not even cabbage steam.")

"I will never betray my class as others have done. You will never see me in evening attire at elaborate receptions. I have watched the talons of capitalism and the half-witted antics of the white-livered bourgeoisie. They can never be destroyed without uncompromising hatred. Fire must be fought with fire, and power with power."

AT FIFTEEN, Ernst Wollweber shipped out, and the sea and rivers became his new home. Eager to read, he, who despises books today, read voraciously.

Reminded of his early appetite for the printed word, Wollweber later grinned his sardonic grimace. "Too much reading is unhealthy. It takes the much-needed time away from the revolution-ary activities."

After they had administered their routine induction into the sea-faring life, the sailors began their more advanced training. They implanted rebellious thoughts of how the peasants and workers could grab the power from the domineering rich. The workers, they said, should rule the world. Ernst agreed. This made sense.

By 1917, the young man was a full-fledged stoker on the battleship *Helgoland*. He'd seen sea battles and submarine warfare, witnessed death and destruction.

Millions had died in the war, and Ernst and his sailor companions had had enough of it. Why should they continue to sacrifice for the Kaiser who was willing to trade the blood of the poor for his own pomp and circumstance? The suppressed Social Democrats were increasing in numbers and power, and if the Kaiser lost the war, the Socialists would proclaim a Republic.

To Wollweber, this seemed like a good step, but he was willing to listen as the older members of the crew shook their heads. The Socialists were, they said, too moderate, too compromising, too amenable to capitalism. Germany needed a gigantic revolution, a complete housecleaning, headed by people like Lenin or Berlin's own Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. Germany needed to follow the pattern set down by the Russian proletariat in order to place the power in the hands of the working class where it belonged.

This plan sounded even better to Ernst. Secretly he enlisted in the ship cell of the Spartakusbund, which later became the German Communist Party.

By November 7, 1918, he had organized his own clan of mutineers and on that day he tore down the black-white-red flag of the German Kaiser Reich and unfurled the first red flag over his country's navy. Following the example of the crew of the Russian *Potemkin*, he and the crew immediately seized the *Helgoland*.

"We don't want war any longer," he shouted to the crew. "Down with the Kaiser. Stop the fires. Kill the steam. Return to port and help the Spartakusbund with the revolution."

The idea spread. The entire fleet rebelled and steamed back into their nesting places in the harbors of Hamburg,

Bremen, Cuxhaven, Wilhelmshaven. Brandishing the slogan "Down with the Kaiser" like a torch, the sailors marched off their ships. The sparks of their cry fell on the ready tinder of the restless, dissatisfied working class. There were demonstrations in the streets. Red flags and machine guns decorated the corners of Bremen.

Ernst Wollweber had hoisted the first Red flag over the Imperial Fleet, an act which helped to bring the reign of the Hohenzollern to an end.

The Bremen police were quick to give up. The avalanche of emotion and spirit swept away all law and constraint. The Navy officers were prisoners of the mutineers, who delighted in lining up their confused captives, tearing off their medals and epaulettes and pushing them into the gutter. Rifle butts pounded objectors into silence. It was an exalted day for the workers who milled into parades and sang revolutionary songs as they marched through the streets:

"Hoch die Hohenzollern  
Hoch am Laternenpfahl"

(High live the Hohenzollern Dynasty,  
high on the lamppost.)

The stoker from the *Helgoland* seemed to be the new uncrowned king, the leader of a revolution that snowballed so fast no one knew what to do next and scarcely knew what had happened.

As if by a miracle, the workers and the sailors were suddenly armed. They marched to the center of Bremen with Wollweber giving directions. Those who did not have pistols or carbines were armed with hammers. Red flags fluttered everywhere.

At the head of the procession, Wollweber suddenly leaped to the raised stone platform which served as the base of the famous "Rasende Roland" statue. Raising his arm for silence, he shouted to the sailors and workers, "Over there is the Osnabrück prison. Let's free the poor victims of capitalist oppression."

The crowd howled its agreement, and like a flood breaking over a dam, stormed the prison, overthrew the guards and opened the cell doors. All together, sailors, workers and bewildered criminals marched on toward the City Hall.

The Bremen City Hall fell into the hands of the invaders without a single shot being fired.

IT HAPPENED so fast most of the citizens scarcely understood the significance of the uprising until it was over. Old folk and children peered anxiously from the shuttered windows and met in the halls to whisper together. "What is it?" they asked one another and shrugged disbelievingly when told the Spartacists had taken over the city. "We do not want more war and bloodshed," the citizens said. "We want to work and have our families safe. Let us bide our time and see if the government will fall before we take up sides."

Full of the first winey flush of success, the revolutionists took over the town. Victorious speeches were delivered on street corners; proclamations were drawn up and nailed to buildings and

tied to lampposts. The mutiny was unquestionably a success. The Spartakusbund had members in Bremen, but the heads of the government, Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, were in Berlin.

The revolutionists looked to Wollweber for leadership, and he was not slow in making the decision. A handful of his men should go to Berlin to make contact with the revolutionary "soldiers' and workers' council."

The prison was filled again, but the faces peering out from behind the bars were new ones, people arrested by the terrorists. Labor and soldier soviets patrolled the streets. A new quiet, sullen and foreboding, descended upon Bremen. The balance of power had shifted into the hands of the eighteen-year-old youngster Ernst Wollweber.

As the early evening shadows of November settled that first eventful day, the moderate Social Democrats, who trod the cautious middle road, called a mass meeting in the City Hall. In conciliatory words they promised new reforms, a new city government and the support of a moderate democratic Federal government: A republic.

But the mild-mannered town fathers failed to reckon with one turbulent factor, the tigerish teen-ager who placed the well-planned act over the well-phrased sentence.

Interrupting one of the speakers, he leaped onto the platform and addressed the crowd with words hurled out like sharp, carefully-aimed rocks.

"Comrades, today we stripped the Kaiser of his boots. He has lost his Navy, lost his army, lost his country, and lost the war. Let us now follow those who ended the war along the path to peace. Let us finish off the capitalists in Germany! Long live the German Socialist Republic!"

It was the sort of vibrant speech the restless crowd wanted, short, to the point, charged with action rather than promises hidden in a mass of verbiage. They screamed their approval and waved red flags in the air, intoxicated by Wollweber's zeal to remake the world.

The march was on. One city after another fell into the hands of the revolutionists. The Prussian Government tottered. The Bavarian Republic and the cities of Bremen and Hamburg proclaimed a Soviet regime. The Kaiser fled to Holland, and Germany signed an armistice with the Allies.

Wollweber had opened Germany's Pandora box of violence.

Since those days of 1918, Wollweber has continued to influence Communist history. He began as the cleverest of all Soviet revolutionists and barricade fighters, grew to be an underground organizer and espionage chief, and for a period was even a Communist legislator, but essentially history will record him as Stalin's most daring spy and Khrushchev's most trusted counter-spy.

In the twenties he achieved notoriety by an odd escapade. He roused the crew of his boat to mutiny against their captain. The mutineers took charge of

the boat and brought it from the North Sea to Murmansk. The young Communists rebels wished to offer the vessel as a present to the new Communist workers' and farmers' state.

The journey was quite afeat of seamanship, for they reached their goal without the help of charts. In recognition of his services, embarrassing though this last one was, Lenin appointed Wollweber chairman of the International Seamen's Union. This union had branches all over the world, and its seafaring members may be called the first couriers of the Soviet Secret Service.

Wollweber shipped to China, and Japan, to France, Italy and the Americas, and was repeatedly arrested for Communist activities and for his inquisitiveness about the big harbors of the world. "Lumpenhunde," he would say to his friends, "the dogs, they arrested me again." Promptly on being released he would return to his old ways.

BY THE TIME Hitler came to power Wollweber was the obvious person to take over espionage against hostile Germany. He headed the Western European division of the Russian counter-espionage organization. His formal title was "Secretary of the Western European Office of the Communist Internationale."

He chose Copenhagen as headquarters, playing the role of an engineer of the bogus firm of A. Selo and Co. Jan Valtin worked in the same offices and describes in his book "Out of the Night" how Wollweber operated there. Valtin gives a vivid picture of the offices:

The atmosphere there was that of a prosperous engineering firm. A score of typists, guards and translators, in shifts, remained continuously on duty. The guards—Scandinavians, Latvians and Poles—were armed with fountain-pens filled with tear gas. A system of warning buzzers had been built into the walls. Conspicuous only was the complete absence of telephones. All messages were dispatched by courier."

The Copenhagen "engineer" was only one of Wollweber's motley disguises. Police files have him listed under a vast variety of names, from Anton to Spring, Summer, Winter, Schultz, Müller, Andersen and Mathieu. His ability to appear and disappear seemed almost occult.

When Nazis spied against Russian shipping in the Baltic, Wollweber countered with direct action. German boats which left Denmark loaded with ammunition and food shipments for the Fascist side in the Spanish Civil War never reached the Iberian peninsula. Sticks of T.N.T. were mixed into the ship's coal, and an explosion took place on the high seas. The mysterious cause of the explosion was never divined, for the boats had been supposedly carefully inspected before they left Copenhagen harbor.

After the invasion of Denmark the German troopship *Marion* left Denmark bound for invaded Norway. Four thousand Nazi soldiers were on board; not (Continued on page 42)



A trainload of corpses, fresh from execution, roll toward the furnaces where they will be converted to bone ash.

**With ice in his heart and fierce savagery in his eyes, Himmler earned a hundred times his reputation as master of world torture!**

THE SCREAMS OF animal terror vibrated through the entire room. Not even the thick steel doors or the heavy bullet-proof glass could muffle them. A nude woman, her proud breasts heaving from her exertions, rushed wildly across the room to beat helplessly on the walls. The men, and there were more than a dozen there, paid no attention to her. They too were wrapped in panic—or else they were too sunk in the total surrender of hopeless despair to do more than just sit on the floor and stare blankly from deep, hollow eyes.

But outside the door, looking through the thick window, was a man who did more than just watch. Deep, hearty chuckles gurgled out of his throat. His eyes, only partly hidden by his neat spectacles, mirrored his enjoyment.

Heinrich Himmler was in his own element—death. For these were the gas chambers of Auschwitz, and Himmler, absolute master of the monsters who operated this carnival of murder, had come to witness the culminating act of his own orders—the execution of a group of prisoners.

"See—watch them jump," he chortled, happy as a schoolboy on a picnic. "This is excellent—excellent. But don't gas them yet. Another few minutes. They are far too frightened to die properly now. But if we wait perhaps, they will begin to hope a little. Then we can let in the gas—slowly—just a bit at a time. They will scream and panic all over again.

It will be like getting two circuses in one!"

The two men—and the woman—who were with him, nodded silently. Then one of them, the commandant managed to find his tongue. "Ja, mein Herr, it will be as you wish. But we cannot make a habit of this delay, you understand. There are so many who must die—and there are always more who are coming. We must maintain our efficiency average."

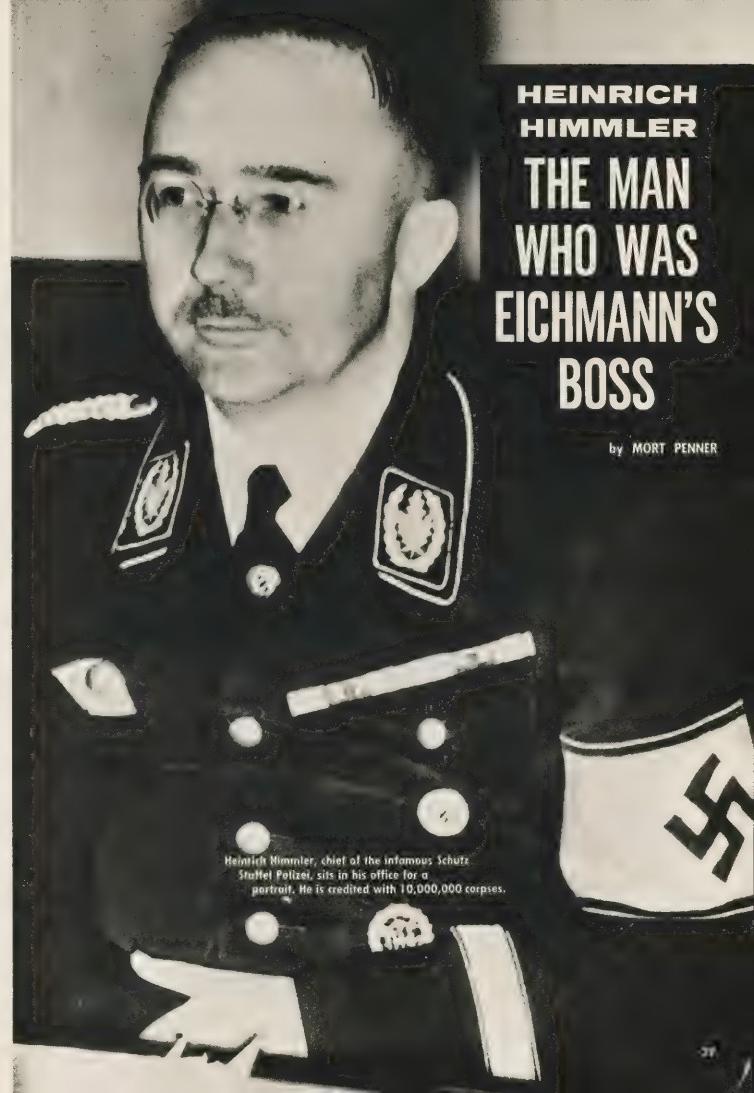
Himmler grunted. "Naturally, naturally. Efficiency by all means. But this time we will enjoy it a little first."

And enjoy it he did, right down to the last gruesome writhings of the slowly suffocating bodies. Not till the last carcass had given its final twitch, did he walk out into the sunlight again, happily describing to his companions the magnificent "beauty" of the scene.

For to Heinrich Himmler, Chief of Hitler's infamous SS police, death was always the perfect beauty for which he strove.

"In death and only in death," he once wrote to a friend, "does the human body and human spirit fully reveal itself, without disguise, without pretense. See how bravely the true German hero dies, and how weakly, how pitifully a member of the slave races passes across the great gulf. In the death struggle, every nerve, every muscle comes into play. The body

(Continued on next page)



## HEINRICH HIMMLER THE MAN WHO WAS EICHMANN'S BOSS

by MORT PENNER

Heinrich Himmler, chief of the infamous Schutz Staffel Police, sits in his office for a portrait. He is credited with 10,000,000 corpses.



Himmler's doglike devotion to Hitler was a legend in Nazi Germany. He is said to have slept outside Hitler's bedroom, as a personal bodyguard.

## HEINRICH HIMMLER

acts freely, for the first and last time, reproducing all the movements of a grand' ballet. And listen to the voice, while the throat is registering the music of death. Hear the deep bass gurgles, the shrill high notes of a scream, the full range of music as the mouth wails out its swan song, as the breath gasps, chokes and fails. It is the ballet, the opera—combined into a canvas that only an artistic genius can create . . .

Himmler always claimed that his life only began when he met Adolph Hitler. And certainly, almost from the beginning, he fell completely under the spell of the Austrian maniac. Himmler's devotion was total. He asked nothing more than to serve his Fuehrer, and during the early days so proved his readiness to sacrifice his own flesh and blood for his master, that he became the chief bodyguard, and master of the personal guard, of the Nazi chieftain.

Never flamboyant, like his great rival Ernst Roehm, he was content at first

to remain in the background, doing his "duty," maintaining a violently fanatical discipline in his men, and by virtue of his apparently selfless devotion, gaining a personal loyalty from them that was almost beyond belief.

Then came the Roehm revolt. On paper, the plot seemed unstoppable. The brown-shirts were the biggest single force in Nazidom. It seemed obvious that the man who controlled them, controlled Germany.

But Roehm and his fellow plotters overlooked one vital fact—Himmler. The black-shirted fanatics of the SS cared for nothing—neither life nor death mattered. In a 24 hour blood bath, Himmler cold-bloodedly murdered every leader of the opposition. There was no surrender, no flight. Roehm, his associates just vanished from the earth. The SA brown-shirts were first decimated, then dispersed. Hitler emerged the only power in the Third Reich, and Himmler, his only trusted lieutenant.

To replace the brown-shirts, the SS was invigorated, expanded, given total control over the enforcement of Nazism. Himmler as unquestioned chieftain of the SS became the most powerful man in Germany.

**A**S HIMMLER SAW it, to possess power meant to use it. And the only use he could conceive was torture, terror and death.

At first, it was simple. He merely let Hitler designate a group as enemies. But later, when the list of enemies ran out, he was faced with the necessity of finding new subjects for atrocities. And so he organized a vast system of spies, in every city, town, village, in every house throughout the area under his control. Let a single foolish word be spoken, and the SS was ready to pounce, to arrest, condemn and torture, instantly.

The concentration camps, originally merely half-baked prison camps for political detainees, became under Himmler's orders vast experimental laboratories for his personal practice of pleasure through pain. His associates, every one of them personally selected by the master torturer, mirrored Himmler's outlook. Each strove to outdo the others. It didn't take long. Within months the very name "Concentration Camp" became a synonym for Hell on Earth.

When the war came in 1939, even Himmler's devilish imagination was strained. For as the German armies rolled over Poland, France, Belgium and Holland, Norway, Denmark, the Balkans and on into Russia, the list of potential enemies who needed what he called "instruction and indoctrination" increased at a fantastic rate. There simply wasn't room for them all.

At that point, Himmler, with Hitler's enthusiastic support, decided to exterminate as many as he could.

Method was the biggest problem. By Himmler's own estimate, somewhere between 50 and 75 million people were doomed to ultimate destruction. But how do you kill that many people? To shoot them would be the simplest. But the number of bullets required was prohibitive. An entire army didn't use that much ammunition. And Germany had dozens of armies operating on as many fronts. The bullets, the lead, couldn't be spared.

Such old fashioned methods as hanging, beheading, electrocution were out of the question. They couldn't possibly cope with the numbers to be executed.

What remained were burning, gassing, freezing and starvation. Himmler began testing them all.

Burning seemed the most practical. Not only did it kill efficiently, but it disposed of the corpses nicely, doing away with the necessity of burying them. Besides, the by-products were useful. Under controlled conditions, the ash was useful in industry or as fertilizer in agriculture.

But the bodies to be burned took up



This head was one of the valued trophies  
Himmler kept. Man was gas chamber victim.



Mass executions were Himmler's greatest problem. He proposed that victims be specially bred so that German industry would have a steady supply of chemicals.

space. Still, if the bodies were starved, so that their volume was only half that of a normal human, one could double production. The fats were lost, and that was a pity, since Germany was short on fat, but industrial needs were more concerned with bone ash than with rendered human fat. Besides, the food saved was useful.

Gassing the bodies before burning was even more efficient. They could be packed tighter into the ovens. There was no movement, no writhing. And the gas was fairly fast. It added an extra step to the production line, true, but the result in terms of ultimate product was more than worth it. Fires could be kept hotter, thus guaranteeing a more uniform grade of ash.

Himmler was enthusiastic about the results. He claimed to have uncovered an entirely new natural resource, one that with proper control could prove an unending well of supply to future German industry. He even went so far as to propose to Hitler that complete breeding farms for the so-called slave races be established to guarantee a sufficient supply of human fodder, for his furnaces. With proper controls and artificial stimulation, he calculated that about ten million new candidates for the fire could be raised each year.

Hitler was tempted, but turned him down, for two reasons. First, the Fuehrer was far too dogmatic in his approach, holding such a hatred for non-Aryans as to refuse to consider their continuance on earth, even for "worthwhile" purposes. Second, Hitler felt that the food supply of Germany was too delicately balanced to allow retaining so many extra humans in his domain.

Undiscouraged, Himmler tried a new track. If the bodies committed to him for execution could not be used for industry, then he would devote them to science. He promptly issued orders making all inhabitants of his camps available for any experiment that might improve German comfort, knowledge or power.

Such experiments were carried out in

several fields. Medically, prisoners were used to test survival capabilities under extremes of cold and heat. They were dismembered to examine the possibilities of transplant of living tissue. In the field of rocketry, they were subjected to low pressure and low atmosphere experiments to discover the limits of human survival.

Prisoners were used too in the testing of weapons. Machine guns, rifles and grenades could now be tried out on human targets for tests in bullet penetration, expansion and field of fire.

As the war continued, Himmler became more and more frustrated. The numbers of German soldiers held prisoner by the British, Americans and Russians was enforcing some sort of reasonable treatment, on his part, of Allied prisoners held in Germany. Even so, he went as far as he dared, subjecting many men to horrible indignities at the slightest show of resistance. But in the long run, Himmler wrote that he considered the Allied prisoners his greatest single failure, although he drew up detailed plans for their extermination once Germany won the war.

The war made other changes in his outlook, as well. Initially he was unenthusiastic about the vast expansion of the SS into fighting (Waffen SS) divisions. Not that he didn't recognize the need for an elite Army group. But rather because he felt that the wide recruitment necessary to hold these divisions up to strength was lowering the SS standards.

Later however, he came to realize that his command over such an excellent and powerful military force made him one of the most powerful men in Germany. For in any potential showdown, the Waffen SS would obey him against any professional military clique that might arise. And, should anything happen to Hitler, he was logical enough to know that this control practically ensured him of succession to the highest power.

During the early war period of steady German conquest, Himmler was

a strong advocate of rape as a definite military policy. He inculcated his men with that idea, explaining that it served three purposes. "First, it gives our soldiers an outlet for their male desires. Second it demonstrates our unquestioned control over the populace. And third, it is an instrument of total humiliation for those subject to us. Nothing emphasizes the master-slave relationship to a greater degree."

By the winter of 1945, Himmler realized that Germany was beaten. Though still loyal to Hitler, he commenced making his plans early. After the defeat in the Ardennes, which the Germans had so thoroughly prepared, he knew with a certainty that victory was impossible. Thereupon, he immediately began dropping into the background, attempting to consolidate his position in the northern interior. He took little active part in the massacres and horrors following the Allied crossing of the Rhine.

After Hitler's death in the Berlin Bunker, Himmler attempted to take over Germany. In one last ditch move, he set up a government and offered unconditional surrender to the Allies, provided that Russia was to be excluded from German soil. On May 1st, Roosevelt and Churchill refused to accept that offer.

He attempted to remove the SS troops from the line as a last ditch gesture of self-importance and self-protection. But it was too late. All communications within Germany were collapsing. The SS troops, those units still in organized existence were too scattered, or completely involved with direct enemy contact. It wasn't that the orders were ignored. They either were not received by the units, or they were totally impossible to obey. Himmler was finished. And he knew it. Passively, he turned over the reins of authority to Admiral Doenitz.

Then, fully aware of what lay in store for him, he committed suicide. It was the only decent thing he did in his entire life.

## SPY WHO BUILT AN EMPIRE (Continued from page 37)

one reached his destination. Once more the fuel had been adulterated with T.N.T. For several days thereafter, fishermen's nets were laden with German corpses.

The Germans always had one answer—Wollweber!

A year after the invasion of Denmark, the Germans in Copenhagen brought some aides of Wollweber to trial and the sum total of fifty-nine years' imprisonment was meted out to six of them. But the ringleader, Wollweber, was conspicuously absent. The court made it known that he was wanted on charges of blowing up sixteen German, three Italian and two Japanese ships.

The Nazis clamored for his blood. For years Admiral Walter Wilhelm Canaris and the Gestapo office advertised high rewards for his capture, alive or dead.

West German Deputy Herbert Wehner declared in the Bundestag at Bonn that Wollweber's men had started back in 1933 to steal T.N.T. and ammunition the world over and had transported it to Holland, where some of it was found by the Dutch police on the ship *Westsplein*.

Italian police claimed—and it was confirmed by the German deputy as recently as June, 1951—that the Italian ship *Felce* was sunk in the Bay of Taranto before the war, as a sabotage act of the Wollweber league. The Japanese police have dossiers claiming that their ship *Tajima-Maru* went to the bottom of the sea thanks to Communist sabotage of the Wollweber gang.

International police and detectives haunted the Wollweber league for years after explosions pointed to Wollweber sabotage on the ships *Cierco* and *Abrego* in the harbor of Fredrikshavn, Denmark.

The Nazis found sabotage in 1937 on the ship *Claus Boege* in Hamburg harbor. In 1938 one of Germany's largest steamers, the *Hapag-Reliance*, suddenly broke out in flames. Similar jobs happened on the German ships *Phila* and *Norderney*. It became evident the Soviets had organized, equipped and financed the Wollweber sabotage ring in order to harm the merchant marine and other ships of their capitalist enemies. While the Wollweber men had started to work first against German, Italian and Spanish boats—the "Fascists"—they later continued against all other capitalist countries which were labelled "Fascist" and "Imperialist" enemies of the Soviet Union.

In 1941 the whole world knew of Wollweber's work and brilliant strategy.

After the fall of Norway and Denmark, the Wollweber league moved to the safer precincts of Sweden. Report has it that Wollweber lived in an apartment near the Stureplan of Stockholm. He never went out of doors except for a few hours in the depth of night. No one besides his closest collaborators ever clapped eyes on him.

42

But during the summer, some specially selected young Communists who camped on one of the deserted islands of the Baltic Sea, met a man named "Anton," who spoke Swedish rather badly, with a strong intermingling of Danish and a heavy German accent. He gave the young people a course on espionage, the basic principles of dynamiting ships, buildings, bridges and railroads. In his lectures Anton let fall the remark that on a journey to China he had learned some tricks from the Koreans. They had shown him how to stuff T.N.T. into a cigarette, and how such cigarettes might be used to blow up a Japanese-held bridge. Anton saw to it that his pupils grasped the lessons. Then he disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

A glimpse of him was caught in occupied Norway, but the Quisling police could not track him down. Yet, Swedish iron-ore boats were waylaid in the Baltic by Russian submarines and sunk. The Nazis were fairly sure Wollweber was behind the sinkings.

A small interval of quiet passed. Then the foremen of the famous Kiruna iron-ore mines in Lapland were struck with consternation to find that five hundred pounds of dynamite had been purloined, sack by sack, from the supply depots of the iron-ore mines. The Wollweber hunt was intensified.

But Wollweber was walking the streets of Oslo, for he wore a Nazi Party uniform and a swastika pin, which seemed to be sufficient protection. Thus disguised, he supervised the disposal of the stolen dynamite which had been brought into Norway by skiers. There portions of it were used for acts of arson at the Oslo railroad terminal and at powerhouses and naval installations in the north. Points along the railroad line from Oslo to Bergen were blown up some sixty-five times.

It was for exploits such as this that Ernst Friedrich Wollweber earned the title "The King of Saboteurs." Not that he himself did all the work. Rather, he utilized his magnificent talent for organization to build up a hard-bitten coterie of saboteurs and spies. In Sweden alone, for example, he had at least fifty aides, according to the estimate of the Swedish police. Now and then some of them were caught, but the entire group was never rounded up.

For material Wollweber relied largely upon former Communists. However, having little use for officials of his party, he relied on members of the rank-and-file. He would denounce officials scornfully as Grand Moguls who were utter incompetents when it came to espionage and sabotage, and he would rail against Communist leaders for publishing underground newspapers and leaflets, instead of lying low and engaging in sabotage and espionage. He ordered all the Communists who were loyal to him—all those with "guts," as he phrased it—to join the Nazi Party and form a fifth column inside it.

The casualties among these agents were, of course, high. But Wollweber felt they were well worth the results these men were achieving, and he traveled constantly 'about the capitals of Europe recruiting saboteurs.'

Since 1933 Wollweber had been a fugitive. With pursuers always at his heels, he continued his work tirelessly, never pausing, never taking a vacation.

THIS COULDN'T go on forever. Somewhere along the line a slip was bound to occur. But in the end it was not Wollweber himself but one of his helpers who finally slipped up.

In the harbor city of Gothenburg Wollweber was forced by circumstances to employ men who were fairly well known as Communists. The espionage and sabotage league had had to be greatly expanded, and more and more men were needed. The order had come from Lavrenti Beria to let no ship through which carried iron ore or ball-bearings from Sweden, Norway or Denmark to Nazi Germany.

For many months sabotage operations ran smoothly. A telegraph operator on the Swedish *Telegrafverket* was running a short-wave transmission set which informed Russian and Allied submarines of the departing ships. This man was located in Gothenburg. Unfortunately he had to depend on a whole host of assistants. One of them, Victor Rydstedt, who was in a perfectly secure situation, was suddenly overcome with panic. On a sudden impulse he went to take a look at the T.N.T. which was hidden in a warehouse in Gothenburg, near the harbor.

It was a foolish act, for he had no reason to be worried about it and such inspection trips were strictly forbidden by the Wollweber league. The police, who had intermittently watched him, happened to follow him to the warehouse that day. They found two hundred and twenty pounds of T.N.T. in sacks bearing the label of the Kiruna iron-ore mines.

Rydstedt and his collaborator, the telegraph operator, were seized, convicted of espionage and sentenced to three years in prison. The Swedish police made further investigations. The sacks of T.N.T. revealed fingerprints. A week later five workers in the Lappland iron mines were suddenly arrested.

One of them, G. Ceder, turned state's witness. He produced some dynamite shells which he had been given as samples and described the method of secreting a number of such shells on an iron-ore boat, close to the ship's furnaces. The explosion would occur spontaneously.

Ceder was also able to tell of his next scheduled rendezvous with "Anton," the King of Saboteurs. He was set at liberty and met his boss at the home of one of the iron workers, close to the mines. The police put in an appearance almost immediately. Wollweber, alias Anton, was arrested, and within the next few days some twenty of his operatives were rounded up.

Wollweber was monumentally calm.

He had been in such situations before. There was no T.N.T. in the home of the iron worker. There was, he swiftly calculated, no evidence at all. Wollweber contented himself with one succinct remark to Torsten Soderstrom, the police chief: "I am a Soviet citizen."

The situation was not quite so simple as the Swedes had thought. A Soviet citizen was no stateless refugee; he had powerful protection at his back. Confirmation was sought from Madame Alexandra Kollontay, the Russian envoy in Stockholm. She attested to Wollweber's Russian citizenship. The Swedes decided it was best to proceed slowly, delicately. They had the greatest saboteur of our time, but were wholly without proof of his guilt. Boats had been blown up in Denmark; airfields and submarine installations had been damaged in Norway; shipments of iron ore from Sweden had met their fate on the high seas; but no crimes had been committed on Swedish soil and no real evidence of Wollweber's complicity existed.

Of course, the Nazi authorities in Denmark and Germany made rabid official demands for his extradition, as did Quisling and his police chief in Norway.

The late Lavrenti Beria rallied the entire Soviet Foreign Ministry to the rescue of Wollweber. Stalin personally intervened and asked for his release, making it very clear that there were a few Swedish engineers working in Russia who might do as hostages.

Meanwhile, the Russian Legation in Stockholm showered the imprisoned

Wollweber with food, money and visits. Finally the Swedes decided to strike an unhappy mean between offending the Russians and outraging the Nazis.

The Swedish Department of Justice came up with the charge that Wollweber had been living in Sweden on a faked passport and under an assumed name. This could not, after all, be forgiven. The Nazis were advised that Wollweber would be tried on these charges. He would have to serve the sentence imposed by the Swedish court before there could be any question of extraditing him to Germany.

The Swedes did not even bother to reply to the demand of the Quisling puppet government in Oslo. Wollweber, whom the Axis countries would have hanged, received a sentence of eighteen months, to be served in a relatively comfortable prison of a democratic country.

Then the Soviets in an official communiqué stated that Wollweber was wanted by the Russian Government for embezzling government funds and insisted on his deportation to Russia. Sweden, a small and neutral nation, decided to ship Wollweber out of the country.

Wollweber heartily shook hands with the visiting friends of the Soviet Legation. "It'll be out in time to meet our Soviet troops in Berlin," he said.

The Swedish court judged it best to declare that the proceedings of the trial were to be kept secret for fifty years.

While the diplomats were preparing their case, another act of sabotage occurred one week before his deportation. Wollweber was still in prison with a

perfect alibi. His organization now worked without him.

AS HE HAD promised, six weeks before the Russians stormed into Berlin, Wollweber and a dozen of his agents had infiltrated the German capital as an advance Soviet espionage unit. On May 1, 1945 the Red army officials were presented on their entry into the city with a detailed military map showing every concrete defense bunker.

This strategic map had been smuggled out of Berlin in a most ingenious manner. An engraver and old friend of Wollweber had drawn maps of twelve sectors of the city on the surface of a dozen eggs. A Communist agent, an elderly woman by the name of Frieda Schueler, had casually walked through the lines, ostensibly selling the eggs from her farm and handed them over to Wollweber's contact man.

Four days before the Soviet capture of Berlin, Frieda Schueler again strolled through the lines with another dozen hard-boiled eggs, thus completing the famous battle map which enabled the Soviet army to take the city with far fewer casualties and in shorter time than had initially been calculated.

Soon Wollweber was appointed espionage boss and security chief of all East Germany, thus becoming the father of the East German Secret Service which was destined to operate out of the Normannen Strasse as the most important link of all intelligence work in Germany. Before long, the organization numbered 9,000 spies and street

## --- Exciting New Way To Earn \$6.44 An Hour ---

# INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS

**440,000 auto collisions, fires, storms each day  
create a great opportunity for men 18 to 60**

Step into this fast-moving Accident Investigation field. Train quickly in your own home in spare time. Already hundreds of men we have trained are making big money. Joe Miller earned \$14,768 in one year. A. J. Allen earned over \$2,000 in ten weeks. William Roane says "I'm now earning \$300 a month extra investigating accidents in my spare time... Universal's course is wonderful."

### BE YOUR OWN BOSS — ENJOY EXTRA BENEFITS

Right now there is an acute shortage of men who know how to investigate accidents. Our proven and approved training makes it easy for you to step into this huge, expanding field.



**CAR FURNISHED — EXPENSES PAID**

You can be your own boss. Independent accident investigators average \$6.44 an hour. Let us show you how to start *your own* profitable business. Begin part time — with your home as headquarters. Later expand to full time. Or if you prefer to be a Company Claims Investigator — our Placement Bureau will assist you. Leading firms call upon us for trained men. Enjoy big pay, your own secretary, a car for personal use, and all business expenses paid.

### EASY TO START — NO SPECIAL EDUCATION OR PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NEEDED

We know the Accident Investigation Business from A to Z. We can and will show you how to get into this exciting new career in just a matter of weeks. You can more than pay for the entire course with your very first check. Send today for FREE BOOK. No salesman will call. You are not committed in any way. Just mail the coupon or send a post card to me, M. O. Wilson, Universal Schools, Dept. XX-6, Dallas 5, Texas.

### Mail Now for FREE BOOK

M. O. Wilson, Dept. XX-6  
Universal Schools,  
6801 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Texas  
Please rush me your FREE BOOK on Big Money in The  
Booming Accident Investigation Field. I will not be under  
the slightest obligation — and no salesman will call upon me.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Zone .....

State .....

# YOU can develop a stronger HE-MAN VOICE!

Achieve more social and economic success... by putting more CHARACTER into your voice. It's simple and easy with the tested, scientific Feuchtinger Voice Method. Develop a compelling voice... a voice that gets what it wants.



## IMPORTANCE...RESPECT LARGER EARNINGS

Your voice will be more convincing, more persuasive, after you add new, interesting power-under-control. Isn't it true that the people with colorfully strong, dynamic voices have made the best and most lasting impression upon you?... You, too, can hold sway over others with the help of a properly-trained, well-used, BIG voice.

## BE A "SOMEBODY"

Lodge members, union leaders, salesmen, ministers, teachers, lecturers, singers—and many others—have used the Feuchtinger Voice Method successfully since the founding of Prefect Voice Institute in 1916. Join the more than 150,000 ambitious people who have benefited from this amazing home-study course.

## TRAIN YOUR VOICE AT HOME...PRIVATELY

Learn how easily and quickly any normal voice can be strengthened—for speaking or singing. You do these interesting self-teaching lessons in the privacy of your own room. No music required; exercises are silent. We handle everything confidentially. Your mail is sent to you in plain wrappers. Don't wait. MAIL COUPON TODAY. Receive the fascinating booklet, "How to Strengthen Your Voice," gratis. Mail today. Take this first, important step right now. Simply fill in and mail this coupon TODAY. (Cannot be sent unless you state your age.) Address: Eugene Feuchtinger, Director, Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., Chicago 6.

## FREE "Successful VOICE" BOOK

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY:

Eugene Feuchtinger, Director  
PREFECT VOICE INSTITUTE  
325 W. Jackson Blvd. Suite FZ-182  
Chicago 6, Ill.

Please send me—free and without obligation—your inspiring and helpful illustrated booklet—"How to Strengthen Your Voice to be More Successful," by Eugene Feuchtinger. Mail in plain wrapper. No salesman will call.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

My age is \_\_\_\_\_

agents as well as some 125,000 part-time informers.

A Soviet citizen by adoption, Wollweber inherited jurisdiction over Russian army personnel as well as East German Nationals, and the Soviet Secret Service trusted him completely.

Irmgard Schmidt, one of his women agents who had wormed her way into the confidence of the American staff, tipped Wollweber off that a certain Soviet Major-General Igor Tropanov was fraternizing with the Allies and, she had reason to believe, supplying them with information from the Soviet zone.

Wollweber selected one of his more beautiful women agents, Grete Bernau, to check on the Russian Major-General. At a briefing session at his villa which he had "requisitioned" in Lehnitz for just such occasions, Wollweber instructed Grete to lure the officer with her charms and talents in order to extract military secrets from him.

Three days later Grete Bernau was sipping her first cocktails with Tropanov at Kempinski's. In five days she was installed in his house as a "guest."

In her report to Wollweber, Grete admitted she had been unable to get any verbal information from her lover, but, she added, "Tropanov is a hell of a careless man." "What?" asked the spy chief, "do you mean by that?"

"He leaves important documents lying around. Only this morning while he was bathing, I went through his desk and came across a book with a green-black cover entitled SOVIET ARMY ORDER OF BATTLE. I assume this is a highly confidential book, and I or any servant could have easily stolen it."

Wollweber frowned. As a top secret publication, only two-hundred fifty copies of the book had been printed and distributed to the General Staff and top members of the Politburo. It would be a ripe plum for the Allied Intelligence service.

Grete returned to Tropanov's home to continue her spy work, little realizing that she, in turn, was being watched by one of Wollweber's other agents—even when she had an intimate conversation with an American officer over cocktails at Schloss Marquart.

The list of Grete's suspicious meetings with the Allies lengthened. Wollweber finally gave the fateful order.

A "Totchlaeger" (assassination squad) Kommando was sent from Wollweber's offices to the hotel room where Grete and Tropanov were relaxing during an evening of talk, love-making, vodka and rare fine foods gleaned from poor, looted austere Berlin. The Major-General, comfortable in his shirt sleeves, wheeled to face his killers. Before he could cry out, the leader fired three bullets into his chest from a 9 mm automatic muffled with a silencer. Grete screamed, but her words were never heard, for she was cut down by lead. Wollweber's men melted into the darkness, later sending the brief message: Mission accomplished.

WOLLWEBER DOES not believe in taking chances. He is in complete agreement

with his idol, Stalin: It is wiser to kill a thousand who are innocent than to overlook one person who is, or could be, dangerous to Communism.

Wollweber, trusted by the Russians and respected as the most important man in Communist East Germany, was bitterly hated by many of his fellow German Communists such as Walter Ulbricht and Wilhelm Pieck. The lowly opinions about him held by his one-time friends was of no concern to the squat little Ernst. He was betting on the Soviet horses and had put his odds, not on people like Beria or Serov, but on the Politburo, the highest Communist echelon.

By 1953 Wollweber operated with a budget of \$40,000,000—considerably higher than that of General Ivan Serov's Committee for the State Security in Moscow. This he felt was only natural and fair, since he was responsible not only for East Germany, but Communist Poland, spying against the United States, Britain and France as well as keeping in working order his old spy rings in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and other countries. He seldom forgot his faithful friends and many old cronies were appointed as captains and majors in the new East German police and army.

Another great feather in Wollweber's war-bonnet came in post-war days when he succeeded in obtaining one of the U. S. codes by his old technique of planting a lovely lady in the direct path of an American code clerk. The now-famous case of Frau Wahlbruch can be chalked up to the spy chief's account.

Frau Wahlbruch, owner of the hotel Hammel in Bonn, had been one of Wollweber's agents for years, and with her help his men wire-tapped every room and every phone under the very nose of Chancellor Adenauer. In addition Ernst placed agents in the von Gehlen West German Intelligence Bureau and offered a bounty of \$25,000 for the death of Lt. General von Gehlen, who now runs West Germany's efficient anti-Soviet counter-espionage system.

Gehlen, a man of rare humor, countered with a public proposal to pay \$1,000,000 dollars for the head of Wollweber. When the Soviet chief heard that his price had been topped, he howled with raucous laughter. "That is a lot of talk," he said, slapping his knee. "Gehlen operates on a measly \$6,000,000 budget. At the price he offers for me, he can't afford my shiny scalp . . . much less my entire head."

American, British and French counter-intelligence agencies realize that Wollweber has struck his most telling blows by his various kidnap plots. German scientists from the old V-rocket centers in Peenemuende, biochemists, metallurgic engineers, designers, specialists in many technical fields have been whisked over the border into East Germany and Russia and plied for information which has helped the Soviet missile program. Former Nazi officers are often converted and join the East German army as specialists.

# \$1,000 WAITS FOR YOU

...at the bottom of this ad!

## Borrow \$100 to \$1000 by MAIL in COMPLETE PRIVACY!

### Take as long as 24 months to Repay!

No matter what you want money for—to pay pressing bills, to buy the things you want—the money is ready and waiting for you now! You can borrow any amount from \$100 to \$1000 quickly, easily and confidentially by mail—and take as long as 24 months to repay in easy payments tailored to fit your paycheck. Just fill out the short application and loan papers below and mail them at once. We'll give them immediate attention.

### Easy to Qualify . . . No Co-Signers Needed

You don't need a fortune in the bank to be eligible for a loan from Dial Finance. The money you want is ready and waiting for you right now. Because you don't need co-signers and everything is kept strictly confidential, your friends, relatives and employer need never know you've borrowed money. Everything is handled completely by mail and to preserve your privacy, we even send all mail to you in plain envelopes.

### Here's What You Do To Get The Money You Want

No matter where you live, you can qualify for a Dial Finance Loan-By-Mail. Fill out and mail the Application and Loan Papers below. That's all you have to do. We'll rush the cash to you as soon as your loan is approved. Our sixty year old organization is licensed and supervised by the Nebraska Banking Department. You can deal with us in complete confidence at Nebraska's fair interest rate. We guarantee satisfaction: if for any reason you return the money within 10 days after loan is made, there is no charge or cost to you. Check the amount you need below; then rush the Application and Loan Papers at once.



410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Dept. E-112, Omaha 2, Nebraska

Former State Finance Company  
Over 60 Years of Service

OUR GUARANTEE	
If for any reason you return the money within 10 days after loan is made, there will be no charge or cost to you.	

### FOR \$100 to \$1000—CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY!—

Dial Finance Company, Dept. E-112

410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebraska

Please accept my application for a loan. It is understood that after the loan is made I can repay the money to you within 10 days and there will be no charge or cost whatsoever.

Amount you want reserved for you \$      If loan made date payment will be in office each month      Age

Occupation      Amount earned per month \$      Address Per No.

Company I work for      Name of employer

How long with present employer      Former employee

Address of former employer      How long employed

Wife (or husband's) occupation      Monthly Salary \$

Amnt. you owe on auto \$      Amt. you pay each month on auto \$

To whom are auto payments made (Name)      Town

Bank you deal with      Town

Last name of your Loan or Finance Company (or name) you NOW owe on a loan: \$      to (Name)      (Add.)

Pay rent or real estate payment to? (Name)      Town

Purpose of loan

The above statements are made for the purpose of securing a loan. I agree that if any loan be completed, the U.S. Mail shall be regarded as my agent.

Sign Full Name Here

Town      County      State

Street      Address

City      Zip

State      Zip

County      Zip

Zip

IN CONSIDERATION of a loan made by DIAL FINANCE COMPANY (herein called "DIAL") the undersigned promise to pay DIAL at its office in Omaha, Nebraska, the amount of loan checked (s) is payable in 24 (unless otherwise specified) monthly payments, the first payment being due the tenth day following the final payment due date, which shall be 24 (unless otherwise specified) months from the date of this Agreement indicated below. The final payment shall be equal in any case to the unpaid principal and charges. Payment in advance may be made in any amount.

The agreed rate of charge is 3% per month on that part of the unpaid principal balance not exceeding \$150, 2½% per month

on any part thereof exceeding \$150 but not exceeding \$300, and ½ of 1% per month on any part thereof exceeding \$300. Charges shall be computed on the basis of the number of days actually elapsed and for the purpose of such computation a month shall be any period of 30 consecutive days. The rate of charge for each day shall be 1/30th of the monthly rate.

It is agreed the validity and construction of this Agreement shall be determined under and by virtue of the laws of Nebraska.

This Agreement is made and executed in the state of Nebraska and will be promptly returned to the undersigned if loan is not approved in the event of any default. DIAL may, without notice, render the unpaid balance due and payable.

To secure the repayment of the amount of loan, the undersigned hereby grant and convey to DIAL certain items marked (X) located at the address of the undersigned, which are to remain in the possession of the undersigned. This conveyance shall be void when the amount of loan is paid in full, but otherwise to remain in full force and effect.

DATE OF THIS AGREEMENT

FIRST PAYMENT DUE DATE

ITEMS OF SECURITY

- Borrower should "X" Items to be considered security
- Living Room Furniture     Vacuum Cleaner     Sewing Machine
  - Dining Room Furniture     Television     Washing Machine
  - Bedroom Furniture     Piano     Refrigerator
  - Radio     Heating Stove     Deep Freeze
  - Rugs     Kitchen Stove     Dryer
  - Car

Year 19..

### SELECT and ✓ YOUR LOAN HERE . . . Amount of

loan is total amount desired including present balance, if any.

AMOUNT YOU WANT ...	AMOUNT OF LOAN	MONTHLY PAYMENT
	\$ 100	\$ 5.93
	200	11.80
	300	17.49
	400	22.75
	500	27.69
	600	32.49
	700	37.23
	800	41.93
	900	46.59
	1000	51.24

AMOUNT OF LOAN \$ . . . MO. PMT.

\$ . . . \$ . . . Mos

Use above spaces for loan amounts or terms not covered by examples.

PERSONAL SIGNATURES REQUIRED

SIGN HERE

SIGN HERE

(If married, both husband and wife must personally sign)

# PLUG-TENNA



USE YOUR HOUSE WIRING  
AS A POWERFUL TV ANTENNA

Plug-Tenna is a sensational — revolutionary Electronic Antenna. Eliminates costly "roof" and "rabbit-ear" antennas. Plugs in as easy as an electric cord converting your home wiring into a gigantic TV antenna. Because Plug-Tenna uses no electricity it costs nothing to operate. Never wears out, and is absolutely safe. Plug-Tenna stays out of sight and out of the way. Excellent, also, for AM-FM and short wave radios.

OUR PRICE . . . \$2.98

MADISON DISCOUNT HOUSE  
261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

## A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER

Every  
woman loves  
exciting gifts.  
You'll win her  
with these  
daring.

## HAREM PAJAMAS

A special  
offer  
at \$3.98

No COD's

ADDED ATTRACTION: For One  
\$1.00 more we personalize them  
with your honey's name.

SIZES: Small, Medium, Large  
COLORS: Pink, Blue

WILLOW LINGERIE  
41 So. Willow St., Montclair, N.J.

46

Perhaps the best known cases are those of Dr. Linse, a great opponent of Wollweber, who was secreted into East Berlin from the Western sector and murdered, and the famous Dr. John case, the Berlin spy boss who began to commute between the two parts of the city. There was a Russian Emigre leader, D. Trushnivitch, who vanished in the same obscurity as the step-daughter of Noel Field, the American double-spy. Cautious estimates state that some five-thousand West Germans have disappeared into East Germany.

TODAY WOLLWEBER hovers around sixty. He has lost his hair, still worse his attraction for women, and worst of all his powerful position as spy head in East Germany. When the frantic East Germans began their purge in 1958, the world waited for the news of Ernst Wollweber's execution. True, he lost his membership in parliament, his East German army rank, his post as intelligence chief, but the million dollar head did not roll, for Moscow decreed that Wollweber must not be touched. A private Soviet plane was sent to Pankow to take "their boy" home to Moscow where he was received with honors. Khrushchev awarded him the Lenin Medal and the Order of the Revolution plus a brand new assignment.

China with its 600 million people, the fifteen restless satellite countries plaguing the Soviet Empire with their rebellions as in Poland and Hungary all needed to be watched carefully, as well as ruled with a strong Bolshevik fist. Wollweber, contrary to the hopes of his jealous East German antagonists, was not pensioned and mustered into oblivion. Instead Khrushchev promoted him to the lofty position of chief of all satellite intelligence offices, the commander-in-chief and inspector-general of the spy services of every Soviet-controlled country. Perhaps more impressive than anything else in the career of Ernst Friedrich Wollweber is the great distinction that he is the only Soviet spy boss since 1918, still alive.

"I'm lucky I guess," Wollweber bragged to East Germany's Dictator Walter Ulbricht at a vodka party in Khrushchev's office. "Last year you tried to liquidate me, but I'll make you a wager, and one that you'll never collect . . . that I'll be around when you are long gone. I'm sure von Gehlen would be pleased to help you get rid of me, and you two could split the reward."

Khrushchev grinned and said: "Cut out the sarcasm—and let's have another drink."

There was no question as to which side his money was on!

• •

## SEA DEVIL (Continued from page 14)

agreement with his own plans for naval conquest. Each worshipped at the altar of terror. Each saw in the other, a reflection of himself.

The führer's orders to his grand admiral were specific. "Create for me an instrument of power that will help Germany achieve world domination. Do it quickly. Let nothing and nobody stand in your way. When the time comes to fight, strike without mercy. Total destruction is the quickest and surest road to absolute victory."

Doenitz obeyed without hesitation.

Like most German sailors, the grand admiral had only contempt for surface ships of any size. He had no faith at all in the pocket battleships and was almost morbidly pleased that they managed to do so little during the war. As far as he was concerned, assigning a man to a surface vessel was the equivalent of exile, a dead end to his career. He was always puzzled at the emphasis that Britain and the United States placed on their fighting ships, since he just couldn't see what they were good for. To him, the conclusive proof was the U-boat sinking of the British battleship, *Ark Royal*, right in the heart of Scapa Flow, with the escape of the attacking submarine.

"One little ship did it," he boasted. "Just one. And all the battleships, carriers, destroyers couldn't do a thing about it. We went in and we came out again and they were helpless. Just compare that job to the failure of the *Graf Spee*—the *Tirpitz*. All battleships are worthless."

"And as for the rest of the surface Navy—including the destroyers they boast about so highly—why they have been blockading our coast from the first day of hostility, yet our U-boats come and go from their home ports as if there was no one there at all. Any commander who can't fool a destroyer doesn't belong in the service. He deserves to die."

The idea of the wolf-pack was, in Doenitz' own opinion, his greatest strategic achievement. Here was a method of underwater attack that was almost impossible to stop. While allied destroyers and corvettes milled around in utter confusion, a convoy could be massacred, cut apart first from one direction, then from another. While the defensive measures were concentrated on halting the first thrust, the second, third and fourth could be rammed home.

And it was successful. In the beginning, especially, convoy after convoy was literally cut to ribbons, some so completely shattered that hardly a single ship out of a group of twenty actually reached the safety of a British port. The pressure on the allied merchant fleet was enormous.

Then later, after the United States joined the war, the attack shifted against American coastal shipping, especially the enormous fleets of oil tankers running from the Gulf ports to New York. For weeks on end, the sea off the east coast from the Carolinas to New Jersey was lit up like daylight, night after night, from the fires of

# new home-import business...

Now you can get exciting Imports at trifling cost abroad and sell them by mail order, or to friends and stores. New Plan starts you in full or spare time without capital or previous experience. Just imagine the **huge profit** you could make on this 17-jewel watch you can get for only \$2.87 in Europe—the 16-mm camera at just \$2.30, the transistor radio or the hunting rifle. Mellinger globe-trotting couriers discover and show you how to get fast-selling imports just like these—Show you how you can deduct your profit in advance, even before ordering merchandise.

## Famous World Trader Guides You

You'll receive personal step-by-step guidance from B. L. Mellinger, one of the most famous international traders the world over. Mr. Mellinger even shows you how to put experience you have gained through jobs, hobbies and interests to work making extra import profits for you.



Hand carved Clock Germany 63¢



Spinning Reel with spare spool 96¢

Hunting Rifle Italy \$3.24

Sim. Pearl Necklace Japan 4½c



Stainless Steel Dinner Set Mexico \$1.54



Motorcycle Germany \$110.00

16mm Camera Magazine load, with case and hand strap. Uses standard 16mm film Japan \$2.30

Recorder w/ mike. Germany \$13.50

MELLINGER CO.,

Dept. D-195 • 1717 Westwood Blvd. • Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Taylor made Suit  
Silk or Wool  
Hong Kong  
\$17.50



Transistor Radio with Battery-Japan \$3.02



17-Jewel Watch France \$2.87



Fishing Fly  
Japan 1½c

**NEW PLAN SHOWS YOU HOW AND WHERE TO GET DAZZLING BUYS LIKE THESE FOR BIG PROFIT U.S. SALES. PRICES SHOWN ARE DIRECT FROM SUPPLIERS ABROAD.**

**DO NOT ORDER FROM US**

## You Keep All the Profits

This is a NEW idea for making money. Not a catalog supplier or franchise distributor "deal" where you buy catalogs and imports from others and watch them turn the *real wealth* of your labor into luxuries for themselves. Mellinger puts *you* in direct contact with the ORIGINAL OVERSEAS SOURCE! He makes no profit on your imports. The profits are all yours. On one of the lower priced products shown here, an importer following the Mellinger Plan has already taken in *a half million dollars!* You, too, can cash in on the big demand for imports, if you know this method.

## Free Samples—CONTACTS ABROAD

Following the Mellinger Home-Import Plan you receive FREE imports—and membership in International Traders, a world-wide organization of Importers and Exporters which helps beginners to a fast start. You will receive confidential monthly bulletins revealing names and addresses of actual overseas suppliers. You are shown how you can easily deal with foreign suppliers; how to get samples, how to make big savings on your own purchases.

## Rush Coupon for FREE Details

Start now to exciting cash profits in the new Import boom. Mail coupon for FREE BOOK, "Success Stories in World Trade," which will change your whole idea of the money you can make, full or spare time, in your own Home Import Business. No salesman will call. Airmail reaches us overnight.

**Send for FREE Book!**

MELLINGER CO., Dept. D-195

1717 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Show me how these amazing buys abroad can give me my own big profit Home Import Business. Rush book and details without obligation. ALL FREE!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY & ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# STORIES FOR MEN



MANY WITH  
ARTIST  
ILLUSTRATIONS

FABULOUS  
PHOTOS  
YOU'LL  
NEVER  
FORGET!

A book of the most fantastic stories, photos and illustrations you've ever seen; at least not since you used to pass them along on type-written pages back in the "good old days". Straight from the originals, every detail intact and vivid.

- MIDGET & THE DUCHESS
- YOUNG LADY & HER DOG
- CAPTIVE TO SIX WOMEN
- A TRAVELING SALESMAN
- any many other greats. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**SENSATIONAL**  
Introductory  
Price  
Limited Edition

**198**  
ppd.

Kurchak's check or M.O. Sorry no C.O.D.'s

**PRIVATE EDITIONS**  
BOX 69856 DEPT. B-13  
LOS ANGELES 69, CALIFORNIA

## ADULT PARTY CLASSICS

**42 SETS OF 12 PHOTOS**  
BIG 504 **\$1.00**  
TOTAL ALL **FOR ONLY**



Spicy photos for adults... the kind that'll make an artist blush. Full-blown beauties. Front, back, top, bottom... every position revealed in breathtaking detail. Why pay 500x more? Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush \$1 to:  
Sensational Photo Offer  
Box 69744, Los Angeles  
69, Calif., Dept. 515

## FIGURE MODEL PHOTOS



## ADULT PARTY ORIGINALS

Authentic, unretouched  
stages of well known gals  
before they reached the  
top. Rare thrillers all.

MOVIES, 8mm—50'	\$3
MOVIES, 16mm—100'	\$6
SLIDES, 5—2x2's	\$2
PHOTOS, 8—4x5's.	\$2

**BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD**

Box 69777, Dept. M-18 Los Angeles 69, Calif.

burning oil.

It was American air power that ultimately drove the U-boats from our immediate coast, but even though this same air power cut down the losses across the broad Atlantic, they never succeeded in halting the destruction. The best they could manage was to keep losses below forty percent. How many billions of dollars worth of supplies now litter the Atlantic floor, will probably never be known, entirely.

**T**HOUGH KARL DOENITZ was first and foremost a sailor, he was also very much a part of the Nazi party and Nazi government of Germany. He was a full participant in almost all of the major decisions of the war. And cabinet records indicate that in almost every vote taken, he was recorded on the side of terror, murder and torture.

He was the principal advocate of using women from captured nations to stock naval brothels, especially those manned in the farflung corners of Europe. More than fifty thousand women, most of them Polish, Russian and from Balkan nations, were transported to the Mediterranean bases and were forced to work as prostitutes for the seamen stationed there. In at least two recorded instances, groups of such women were shipped as slaves to Arabia, where it was hoped, the gift of European women could be used to purchase the loyalty of Arab tribes in the battle against the British. One of these shipments is known to have been sunk somewhere off Suez. The other was definitely landed in Arabia, where the women vanished from recorded fact. What ultimately happened to them is unknown even today.

A similar shipment by submarine was sent to Japan. But the submarine never arrived. It was presumed lost in the Indian Ocean.

During recruitment for such women, Doenitz habitually visited several of the concentration camps, as a guest of Himmler. Special parades of female prisoners were held for him, after which, selecting those he felt might be acceptable, the Grand Admiral indulged in what he described as "tryout sessions." Himmler, a man not given easily to condemnation or criticism, dryly remarked, "Doenitz can call these visits what he will, but our friend's behavior could hardly be described as the best recruiting technique. I'm afraid that if he were a stranger, one might suspect that it is his own peculiar tastes that are being catered to."

Doenitz was also a strong proponent of the use of concentration camp prisoners for medical experimental purposes. Deeply interested in the dangers of pressure, especially as they affected sailors escaping from downed submarines, he had hundreds of men and women subjected to tests under extreme conditions of pressure and water. Men were tied down in tanks of water, with instruments attached to their bodies to find out exactly how long it would take them to drown; others were put under

## To the Man Who is FED UP with Promises of Fast Fortunes ... Who Sincerely Wants to Earn An Extra \$40 EVERY WEEK

Let's be frank right from the start. If we knew a way to make \$400 or \$500 a week, we'd be out doing it ourselves.

No, we don't promise you sudden wealth overnight. What we DO have, though, is a sound, sensible way a man can make himself an extra \$40 every week in his spare time, by bringing a universally needed quality repeat product TO THE PEOPLE—instead of the people go to the product.

## This Is No Fly-by-Night! You'll be representing a reputable, 56-year-old, multi-million dollar firm

Our company is the leader in its field—you'll be PROUD to be selected to handle our line.

There are now a limited number of openings for capable ambitious men to represent us. If you are serious in your desire to earn money, you will become your own boss in a profitable spare-time business. You can set your own hours and operate right from your own home. We will send you absolutely FREE everything you need, including valuable how-to-make-money hints that have opened the door to extra income for thousands of other men just like yourself. You will be assisted by a firm that HELPS ITS MEN with a proven plan, National Advertising, and furnishes you an effective Selling Outfit without a cent of cost to you.

### Send Today for Application and Details of this Amazing Money-Making Opportunity

For the cost of a postcard, you can find out for yourself how to turn your spare time into a profitable income. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain by acting TODAY. Write Mason, Dept. H334, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

## STUDIES IN BEAUTY COLOR SLIDES

Gorgeous, breath-taking Color Slides of lovely figure models. Poses deliberately planned to reveal the utmost in feminine beauty. You will find them useful for advertising, publicity, TWENTY DIFFERENT 2 x 2 Mounted Slides, sent prepaid in plain paperboard cases, \$1.00 each. SPECIAL OFFER: Two Different Sets of 40 Color Slides for only \$6.95. For an adventure in eye-filling slides, write today.

NATIONAL, Dept. 35-F, Box 4241, TOLEDO 9, OHIO



## PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER BADGE

Immediate Identification \$3.98 refundable  
Police emergencies, beauty contests, parades, sports events, theaters, night clubs, etc. Professional services \$3.98 refundable  
General identification \$3.98 refundable  
Each \$1.00 deposit. Due with 1 B. Card. 12.95 C.O.D. refundable  
FREE WITH ORDER ONLY. Complete catalog  
INTERNATIONAL POLICE EQUIPMENT COMPANY,  
5800 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

## REMOVE UGLY HAIR FOR GOOD

from LIPS, from CHIN from  
ANY PART OF YOUR BODY!

Unwanted hair removed for good!  
Hair roots are destroyed almost instantaneously, painless, leaving the skin smooth and clean. Only the ugly hair which has been removed. The miraculous PERMAKLEAR costing only \$5.95 complete, will ease the hair from any place on your body. Send \$5.95 and safety razor and get a refund. PERMAKLEAR'S SAFE, GENTLE SELF-ELECTROLYSIS METHOD doesn't do for \$5.95 what professional beauticians charge hundreds of dollars to do. No electric currents to plug in. By following our simple, easy, growing, safe, instructions and avoiding warts, moles and other blemishes, you will be free of unwanted hair! Order today. Send \$5.95 and we ship prepaid. For COD service, postage and handling add \$1.00 plus COD postal charges on delivery. SLIMTOWN, INC., Dept. PK-44, 730 Third Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

# Are you the kind of guy who loves to "tinker" with things?

And are you completely satisfied with your present kind of work, income, prospects? If these questions "hit home," here's a big fact to realize: OVER 400 MILLION electrical appliances are in use in American homes — and are increasing by 76 MILLION a year! Men trained to service them are cashing in on this "Electrical Appliance Boom" — making \$3 to \$5 an hour, spare time or full time. It will pay you to send for the FREE BOOK telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.

YOU'RE NOT TOO HAPPY in your present job — right? Not enough money. Work not interesting enough. Don't like the people you work with.

What you *really* enjoy is puttingter around the house, getting things shipshape. Fixing that doorbell or squeaky hinge. Putting a new washer in that leaky faucet. Getting the motor of that balky power lawn mower to run smooth as silk.

And sometimes you wonder, "Why can't I do something like this all the time? Why can't I get PAID for doing what I really enjoy — instead of what bores me? Why can't I start some sort of little home business that would be fun and profitable?"

#### This is "Made to Order" for You

If that's the kind of fellow you are, here's a little business that's "made to order" for you. Servicing Electrical Appliances. No big investment or elaborate equipment needed. A few simple hand tools are all you need — and a corner of your basement or garage to work in.

Plenty of money to be made — \$3 to \$5 an hour, in spare time or full time. At that rate, you may soon find it will pay you to open up your own Appliance Repair Shop. Then you're completely your own boss. Maybe even end up having other fellows work for you!

#### Why the Boom in Appliances Means Money in Your Pocket

In addition to the 400 MILLION electrical appliances already in use in American homes, this year alone will see sales of 76 million *new* appliances! For



#### Earns \$510 In One Month's Spare Time

"In one month I sold approximately \$648 of which \$510 was in my spare time part time. I do a lot of service calls on ranges, dryers, and other electrical equipment."

The NRI course has been priceless to me." — Earl Edd, RFD 1, Thompson, Ohio.



#### Business A Success

"Since taking your course I have set up a small repair shop. At present I am operating the shop on a spare time basis — but the way things are going, before I will devote my full time to the shop." — J. G. Durrance, 156 Poinsettia St., Long Beach, Cal.



#### More Than Doubled Cost of Course

"I had practical knowledge of any kind of repair work. Now, however, I have almost all my spare time — and have more and more time to work on my shop. I have my shop in basement. I have made more than double the amount of money John D. Pettis, 172 N. Fulton, Bradley, Illinois.



#### EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

with this APPLIANCE TESTER—Yours at No Extra Charge

Your NRI Course comes complete with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester right away. Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in house wiring, measure electricity used by appliances, many other uses.

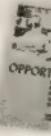
With this Tester you save time and make money by doing jobs quicker, making sure appliances operate correctly after repairs.

years. We start from scratch, TELL you clearly and SHOW you in pictures everything you need to know. Your training will cost you less than 20¢ a day — and you can earn while you learn.

#### FREE BOOK and Sample Lesson

Our 24-page Free Book will open your eyes to a whole world of new opportunities. Tells how you can "cash in" on America's "Electrical Appliance Boom" — the money our students are making, what they say about us.

Free Sample Lesson shows how simple and clearly illustrated our instruction is — how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future in this big field. Just mail coupon, letter, or postcard to: National Radio Institute, Dept. PE-2, Washington 16, D.C. (No obligation — and no salesman will call on you.)



#### NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE Dept. PE-2, Washington 16, D.C.

Tell me how I can "cash in" on the "Electrical Appliance Boom." Send me your illustrated FREE BOOK that outlines the whole NRI Course, tells what opportunities are open to me, answers my questions, describes success of other students, and much, much more. Also send me the FREE SAMPLE LESSON. I can't wait to check out your instructions are. I am particularly interested in:

Spare Time Earnings     Business of My Own     Better Job  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....Zone.....State.....

Accredited Member National Home Study Council



## OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU

For Advertising Write PCD  
540 W. Washington  
Chicago 5

**BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING** (Mar.-Apr.-May '42)

MAKE \$25-\$50 week, clipping newspaper items for publishers. Some clippings worth \$5 each. Particulars Free. National, 81-P, Kinnelon Rocker Building, New York City.

**32000 INVESTORS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD** Tell Free Book And Detailed Maps! National Petroleum, Pan American Bank's Building, Miami 2, Florida.

**ENVIRONMENTAL ENGINEER**, immediate, Easy Pump Lamp assembling. No canvassing. Write: Dugor, Caldwell 34, Arkansas.

**REVENGE TO \$10** for Certain Local Newspaper Clippings. Free literature. Nationalco, Southmountain, Milburn 2-1, New Jersey.

**CASH MONEY RAISING** flatworms for us! Write: Oakhaven 79A, Cedar Hill, Texas.

**MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**

**POEMS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY** for Songs and Records. Our publications publish Poems, Songwriters, 6145-D Adcock Station, Nashville, Tenn.

**POEMS NEEDED FOR SONGS**. Rush poems. Crown Music, 49-NH West 32, New York 1.

### PERSONAL

**VACATION PARADISES NEARBY**, faraway, secluded, private—all on a shearing. Complete details by Quantitative Vacations, 300 Broadway, New York 4, N.Y. ADULTS! DRUGSTORE NEW Offer: 25¢; Wilson, 41 Park, Fort Lee, N.J.

### AGENTS & HELP WANTED

**EARN EXTRA**, MORNING AND AFTERNOON. Book Matches, Free Sample Kit furnished. Matchbox, Dept. GH-42, Chicago 32, Illinois.

### INVENTIONS

**INVENTIONS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY** for manufacturers. For additional information write Keeler Corporation, C-134, Fremont, Ohio.

### SALESMEN WANTED

**EARN AS MUCH AS \$1000** a day selling delinquent accounts. No collecting or investment. Metropolitan, Box 5887-SM, Kansas City 11, Missouri.

### MAGIC TRICKS, JOKES, NOVELTIES, ETC.

**HOUSE OF MAGIC**, Mystery Books, Pocket Trick Book, Journal Big 160 page catalog. Only 10c. Vick Lawson, Dept. W.R.S., Trumbull, Conn.

### LOANS BY MAIL

**LOANS ENTITLED** By Mail—\$25 or Less. Reply: 24 monthly payments. Write: Budget Finance Co., Dept. T-22, 114 S. 17th, Omaha 2, Nebr.

### EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION

**JOBS ON SHIPS**. Ages 18 to 30. Experience not Required. National Seafarer, Box 7180, Los Angeles 1, Calif.

### HYPNOTISM

**FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue**. Write: Hypnotist, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood 48W, California.

nitrogenation to find out exactly how great a case of "bends" would cause death—or how rapidly a man could be depressurized and still live. Prisoners were also tossed into water of various degrees of coldness and observed to note how long they could stay afloat. There were no survivors. Another test concerned the survival potential of human beings set afire by burning oil. Living torches were flung, time and again into freezing sea water. There was little use in living through these tests, since those who were strong enough to survive, were promptly subjected to new tests. One unfortunate man was set ablaze four times before he finally died.

Doenitz was so impressed with this last man's achievement, that he had the man's fifteen year old son arrested so that he could make the identical tests on the boy, "to discover whether resistance to burning can be genetically transferred." The result indicated that it could not be.

As the war proceeded, Karl Doenitz found his power increasing. The flight

of Hess, the failure of the Luftwaffe and the Army, the disgrace of Goering, finally put him in the number five spot in the Nazi hierarchy.

Then, the very end of the war gave the Admiral what he considered to be the great opportunity. With Hitler and Goebbels dead by suicide, Bormann in flight, and Himmler curtly rejected by the allied commanders, Doenitz assumed power, setting up his political headquarters in Schleswig-Holstein.

His first moves seemed to be lucky. He was recognized as the legitimate head of the German government, and the allies agreed to deal with him for the full final surrender of Germany.

But at that point, his luck ran out. Upon surrender, he was promptly arrested by the victors and charged with responsibility for his crimes. Tried and convicted at Nuremberg, he was sentenced to prison for a term of ten years. Although not treated as harshly as some of the more famous Nazis, Admiral Doenitz learned at long last, that even in such a violent business as warfare, there are limits to crime. •••

## MARTIN BORMANN (Continued from page 19)

primary error. He allied himself with the latin blooded Italians; compromised and temporized with the slavic Russians in order to fight the germanic British.

"Hitler's second error was to waste too much time on inconsequential enemies, such as the Jews. They were a minor goad, a tiny pimple when compared to the cancerous vitality of the slavic communists.

"Both the Americans and the British understood this thoroughly, and they understand it today. We must make use of this situation.

"I do not excuse myself from this error. I shared Hitler's decisions, and joined in them thoroughly. But a true German must be hard and ruthless. If an error in his beliefs is proven, he must be strong enough to change, no matter where that change may lead. For in this way, he, and all Germans will be led inevitably up the lonely mountain of world leadership where the science of genetics demonstrates that they and they alone must reign.

"The German blood and German intelligence of the British and Americans has led them to change their outlook also. Today they understand that they were wrong to fight the Reich and ally themselves with the slavic communists. They are taking the lead in arming the non-slavic world in a great crusade against communism, that curse of slavic political thought.

"But it is obvious that the impurities that have crept into the blood of these two semi-germanic nations have weakened them. They vacillate. They fear to act decisively. They are unable to come to final grips with the problem and to conquer it. It is the duty and fate of Germany to provide that missing leadership.

"How can that leadership be brought about? That too is obvious. Only through a revival of the political thinking that created the Nazi Party. Now make no mistake. The WORD Nazi is dead. No one, myself included, wants to revive it. To the rest of the world, our potential allies, our potential servants, even our potential slaves, the word Nazi has too many meanings, most of them untrue, that give rise to belligerent reactions. We do not wish to make enemies prematurely. At present, Germany is in no condition to afford enemies.

"But if the word Nazi is dead, the spirit that infused that word is not. It is very much alive, in the hearts of my people, in the minds of our former officers, soldiers and party members. It is their duty to form a new party, with a new name, but with the same beautiful ideals that made Nazism and Germanism synonymous.

"This party must support the British and American anti-Russian position all the way. There is no choice. When the old, decrepit Adenauer departs, as he shortly must, if for no other reason than his age, we must work to see that the next head of the German government follows the same pro-British, pro-American and anti-Russian policy.

**O**UR SECOND TASK is the unification of the fatherland. This ambition is even greater and more important than our party. Everything must be subjugated to it. And as everyone must see, the unification is possible only through war.

"The method by which this war is fought is of vital importance. For although the reunification of Germany will be a major policy of this war, we should as far as possible prevent it

**PRICE WAR SALE**

**ADULT MOVIES**

**10 GREAT STAG SHOWS \$2.00**

Strictly for adults, the most sensational gals in the greatest stag shows ever put on a film for private collectors, and now at a fantastic, low, low bargain price. Each different, each outstanding, ten eager gals tease and please. Guaranteed.

LIMITED OFFER,

RUSH \$2 for 8mm, \$4 for 16mm

STUDIO 1612, BOX 6894A, L.A. 68, CALIF.

NO PROJECTOR? NEW 8mm  
MOVIE VIEWER SHOWS ALL THE ACTION, ALL THE DETAIL.

\$5

**EARN UP TO  
\$1,000 A MONTH**  
**PICK YOUR OWN  
LOCALITY**  
**NO SELLING  
OF ANY KIND**  
**CAR FURNISHED**  
**EXPENSES PAID**  
**ONLY AVERAGE  
EDUCATION  
REQUIRED**



## Compare this Interesting Job to the One You Have Now— *and if you'd like to switch—I'll show you how to do it!*

I'd like to show you how easy it is for you to get into one of the best paying professions in America today. This year, unfortunately, more than 25 million people will have automobile accidents. This means that insurance companies are faced with the tremendous problem of settling over 69,000 auto accident claims every day! And some Claim Adjustor has to investigate every accident and report on it before the Claim can be settled!

### Work That MUST Be Done!

These investigations cannot be put off. The courts demand action! Insurance companies cannot afford to let claims drag on—and mount up! They must be settled, because huge reserves of company money are tied up by law when auto accident claims remain unsettled.

### And That Is Where YOU Come In!

Insurance companies everywhere are looking for people who know how to handle this specialized work—and they are prepared to pay a top salary to any man who can fill the bill. Not only do they pay top salaries; in addition, they offer every opportunity for rapid advancement to executive positions and the high bracket incomes that go with them. And in addition—and because experienced help is so scarce—they offer many fringe benefits practically unheard of in many other kinds of businesses.

### But Money Isn't ALL You Get!

The foregoing are facts—facts you can easily verify if you care to check with any insurance company or any law office. And it explains why even beginners in the field of Claim Investigation can count on a good starting salary as high as \$450 a month. But your salary is only the beginning! Insurance companies, for ex-

ample, usually furnish their Claim Investigators with a company car and the company pays for the upkeep. (Or if you drive your own car the company pays you a mileage allowance to cover operating costs.) Nor is that all. The company often segregates its investigators from details of the main office by providing a private office with a secretary.

### You Meet Interesting People!

In this kind of work you meet interesting people, important people, influential people, such as lawyers, police officers, judges. Each case is a new adventure. These are the kind of people who can be worth knowing! These acquaintances often develop into lifelong friendships valued far more than financial gain. And remember that the Claim Investigator's life is filled with exciting new experiences. No two cases are alike! Each day presents stimulating new problems, and back of it all is the deep, inner satisfaction of having solved them fairly, justly!



### If You Prefer to Operate a Business of Your Own

Even with all the company benefits some men prefer to operate their own business. No matter how ideal the job, they want to be "on their own." There are few greater opportunities to do this today than those open to you in the field of Claim Investigating. You can even start with your own home as your headquarters. You have no office rent to pay—almost no overhead. Your chief expense is the investment of a few dollars for stationery, business cards and office record sheets. You can even start in your spare time—keeping your regular job until the day arrives when your spare time income is more than the amount of your present pay.

### Free Employment Help Given

Even if you have only an average education, you can go far in this new profession. The need for men is so urgent that the training I give is even more important than schooling. All we ask is a driving ambition to get ahead! And when you have successfully completed the course, we provide a FREE employment service.

### Mail the Coupon Today

I have prepared a special Booklet in which I explain carefully to you my "20 Steps to Success" as an Automobile

Insurance Claim Adjustor. It tells just what to do to get into this fascinating, fast-growing profession. There is no charge for this Booklet—now or at any other time. Here's your big chance to eventually make as much as \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year! Mail the coupon below to Eric P. McNair, President, Liberty School of Claim Investigating, Dept. 1526, Libertyville, Illinois.



Mr. Eric P. McNair, President  
Liberty School of Claim Investigating  
Libertyville, Illinois  
Dept. 1526

Please rush me your FREE Booklet explaining how I can quickly qualify as an Automobile Insurance Claim Investigator and Adjustor. It is understood that no salesman will call on me, and that everything you send me now is absolutely FREE, and places me under no obligation whatsoever.

My Age is \_\_\_\_\_

My Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ or R.D. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# •600 FOR YOU!

You can borrow \$600 or as little as \$50 for any purpose, in the most confidential way... by mail! Anyone in U. S. with steady income eligible to apply... repay in 24 monthly payments. Mail coupon for free loan application sent in plain envelope.



## BUDGET FINANCE CO.

Budget Finance Co., Dept. HO-32

114 S. 17 St., Omaha 2, Nebr.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
OCCUPATION \_\_\_\_\_



PELLET FIRING  
**LUGER AUTOMATIC**

• MAGAZINE LOADING CLIP  
• OVER 15 MOVING PARTS  
• FULLY AUTOMATIC

Air-cooled full auto model of a Luger automatic pistol containing over 15 moving parts, including a magazine loading clip which snaps into the handle. Magazine holds 10 pellets. Fire 1500 ft. lbs. per shot. Magazine heavy, high-impact sturdy with amazing attention to detail.

**MOST AUTHENTIC MODEL GUN WE'VE EVER SEEN**

Come in to us with your working parts disassembled and we'll reassemble them for you. We'll supply all types of pellets and specially designed belts holding up to 1000 pellets. Postage paid. Add 10¢ for postage. Add 2¢ shipping charge for order under \$10.00. From:

HORNO HOUSE, INC., CORP. Dept. LB-22

ONLY  
**\$1.98**

plus 5¢ 395

LB-22

Lynbrook, N. Y.

## NO MONEY DOWN!



A SUBURB OF OCALA! Choice 1/4 acre homesites. Pay just \$10 a month—Guaranteed high and dry—gently rolling land—Utilities available—Swimming pool—Swimming, tennis, schools—Hunting and fishing—400 new residents—No credit or guarantee income—Free color photo and post White Sheet 31

OCALA RIDGE, Box 1718, Ocala, Fla.



Really beautiful stories of lovely Hollywood girls in their most intimate moments. Packed with frisky, alluring routines to tease and please. Different model featured each issue. Send 25¢ for first issue of viewing pleasure, order yours Today!

THREE 50 ft. films cost \$1.95

THREE 50 ft. 16mm films \$5.95

Sent prepaid in plain wrapper. No C.O.D. & VISA

NATIONAL, Dept. 35-F, Box 4241, TOLEDO 9, OHIO

## BOOKS for ADULTS

Too shocking for prudes and bobbies, but sure to delight you and your broadminded friends! Brasenly frank and daring stories of sex, love, and lust. All told in a manner that will keep you riveted to your seat. Vivid episodes of raw lust and naked passion. Just send this ad, your name (please print) and for your mailing address. NO CODE. Send money with order and enclose on 7-day money-back guarantee. Don't miss it. Order Now!

FRANKWELL CO., Rm 376, P.O. Box 129, Union City, N.J.



FREE! Blessed Help for Arthritis—the Rheumatic-like Pains!

Jim was wealthy, but all his money didn't buy enough help from his nightmare of pain. Just when hope was lost, he received copy Chester and discovered MATT-THERY. His doctor who had been sent to him by money, but by the faith of someone who loves him. In gratitude, Jim gave Chester's church \$1,000.

We tell this not because we seek rewards, but because we have found complete peace and love and faith to you by sending you a FREE supply of wonderful MATT-THERY, plus Jim's amazing story. Send only 10¢ for handling and postage.

BEST YEARS, Dept. 975  
7908 WILLOUGHBY AVE., LOS ANGELES 44, CALIF.

from being fought on German soil.

This is not to say that Germans must not take part in the fighting. They should and must. But let the H-bombs drop on Russia. Let them fall on the U.S.A. Let the British feel them. But Germany must emerge strong and undestroyed. Our people want no more bombings.

"As a suggestion, the quickest way for America to invade Russia is over the pole. This is not impossible with today's science. Or let America invade Siberia. It doesn't matter how it is done. The important thing is to convince the Americans—and they are the only ones who count today—to keep the fighting out of Germany.

"From the German army of this conflict, the seeds of the new Germany must grow. Our stupid youth must be retaught the meaning of German discipline. They must be restructured in how to take orders, if they are ever to learn how to give orders. They must learn to fight, for only through fighting is strength rebuilt; only through blood that power is recreated.

"The end of that American-Russian war (and the German blood of the Americans insures that it will be an American victory) will leave Germany reunited, and a major power in the world. Then, and only then, will it be the right time for the next vital step—the reintroduction of our Aryan policy of Germanic dictatorship.

"Specific measures for the re-establishment of our party supremacy in Germany itself are simple and straightforward. Since the military forces will become the major power center in Germany, following the American-Russian war, it is necessary that our sympathizers become the controlling factor in the Army, Navy and Luftwaffe. Every man, every woman, every child who has in the past developed a love for Nazi ideals—I call them ideals of Aryan patriotism—must strive for advancement within the wartime forces. While we can never trust to the chance of holding General rank, we can still become the most potent single force—so long as we control the majority of Field Grades among the Officer class, and non-commissioned grades among the enlisted class.

"This will not be difficult to accomplish. After all, men of genuine patriotism are, of necessity, those who demonstrate the greatest devotion to duty, the highest peak of ambition, and the willingness to accomplish the most selfless acts of bravery. To men like that, promotion cannot be denied.

"Seizure of power in Germany must be carried out with discretion. The status of the fatherland, even as a major power in Europe, will still, at that point, fall short of world domination. We Germans have learned after defeats, that it does not pay to make enemies of other Germanic peoples—even when those peoples have degraded themselves by the failure to establish discipline and national order.

But the Americans and British—I

have been speaking of them—have always displayed a remarkable and foolish tolerance to others SO LONG AS THERE ARE NO DISPLAYS OF EXCESSIVE INTERNAL VIOLENCE. I emphasize this. For example—the Americans look benignly on a dozen dictatorships in South America. These dictatorships live calmly, quietly, unviolently. But Cuba arouses their horror, not because it is a dictatorship, but because it has created an internal bloodbath. They accept Portugal—quiet and orderly. They reject Dominica—bloody and uncontrolled. The British accept Ghana—where law and order make no public disturbance. They reject South Africa, where massacre is the order of the day.

"So let Germany avoid PUBLIC MANIFESTATIONS of brutality, and there will be no outcry against us. Permit Jews to live and they will forgive us as we QUIETLY murder our real enemies. Avoid the publicity of concentration camps and we can destroy our adversaries in the secrecy of the police station. Forget the screams that torture engenders. Our enemies are better dead directly, and unobtrusively, than crying out publicly.

"Our dictatorship established, it will be time to move again. What should our course be?

"Initially, we must demand a share of the spoils from the American-Russian war. It will be simple to gain control of Poland. The Americans, busy in Moscow, will be only too happy to give Germany control of their lines of communication. We are good administrators. We will give them protection. Our control will be solidified.

"Secondly, we must look south. The Latins are the easiest bones to pick. Italy is a nation of showmen—not fighters. Their men are fine tenors. Let them sing. But do not ask them to join in battle. Just think back on how many German soldiers lost their lives, were drawn away from the crucial eastern and western fronts, merely to defend the Italian Army. Let them be our servants, not our allies.

"A word of warning. Do not attack France. France has too great a history of alliance with Britain and America. To invade her would certainly mean another war—a war in which victory would not be sure. Let France be. When the rest of Europe has accepted Germany as its master, France will fall by itself.

"After Italy, turn your attention to the Balkans. That area is weakness such as can be found nowhere else in the world. The people are peasants by nature. So let them be. Let them keep their land. Let them till it. The products of their farms will go to Germany. We will govern, but so long as they can look at the soil and greedily call it their own, they will not whimper.

**F**ROM ITALY, from the Balkans—the next step is Africa. Do not be sidetracked by the lure of northern Europe. These people, the Dutch, the Danes, the Swedes, the Norwegians,

*Married Happiness Can Last Forever  
with these*

# SEX INSTRUCTIONS

*For Adults Only*

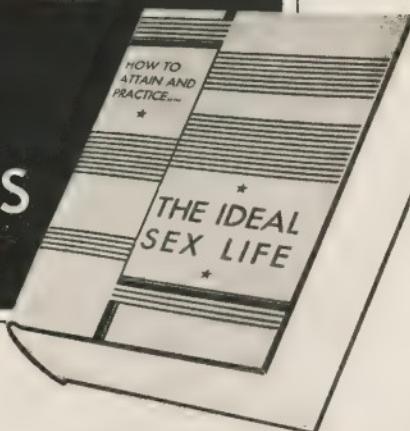
by DR. J. RUTGERS

## 70 Simply Written Frank Chapters!

Readers of this all-complete book (one of the largest on married sex practice) have learned so much more than they thought possible! Practically every type of married sex problem and every age is individually treated. Shows how to carry out the detailed instructions. Experience the supreme satisfaction of a longer, happier married sex life and abolish the dangers of wrong sex notions. 150,000 illuminating words help establish the necessary desired cooperation between husband and wife. One of the most up-to-date books, the latest improvements, methods, etc., that should be known. This treasure is yours now for only \$2.98 (originally \$6.00).

### Partial Contents of "Ideal Sex Life"

- Modern methods of sex hygiene —for male and female sex organs.
- Latest sex discoveries for improving sexual practice.
- Role of husband and wife in the sex act.
- Reactions of man and woman compared.
- The perfect sex act.
- Step by step plan for wedding night and honeymoon.
- Avoiding harmful mistakes of newlyweds and older married couples.
- "Rejuvenation treatments" for increasing sex potency of man and woman.
- What causes the sexual urge.
- Sex attraction and art of courtship for woman, man.
- Modern art of mutual sex satisfaction.
- Natural birth control.
- Foreign sex practices.
- Attaining Pregnancy.
- Ideal sex techniques and methods for satisfactory sex act.
- Overcoming frigidity in women.
- Preventing dangers of children's sex life.
- Art of love for different ages and types of men and women.
- Advice for aged married people.
- Attaining the greatest satisfaction in sex life.
- 4 kinds of sexual satisfaction.
- Avoiding too much or too little sex life.
- Overcome physical hindrances for ideal sex practice.
- Avoiding dangerous sex relations.
- Degeneracy facts of sex.
- The male and female sex organs.
- Strengthening man's sex virility and sex control towards ideal mutual climax.
- Importance of caresses, embraces for ideal sex life.
- Sources of Disease.
- Sex act regarding change of life, pregnancy.
- The problem of self-satisfaction.
- Sexual Case Histories.
- How to treat abnormal cases.
- Art of choosing a mate for ideal married sex life.
- Plus many more enlightening chapters—every one in simple frank words!



**FREE Picture Book**  
**317 Illustrations**  
**YOURS**  
**free**

With order of "The Ideal Sex Life" we give you FREE "Picture Stories of the Sex Life of Man and Woman." 317 illustrations with detailed explanations of the sexual side of the human body.

- Natural birth control charts.
- Facts to know on bridal night.
- Sex organs illustrated and explained.
- Woman's change of life, menstruation.
- Calendar showing days of Fertility—Sterility.
- How sex system of man and woman works.
- The structure of female breast.
- Pictures show pregnancy takes place.
- How sex vitality is produced in man, woman.
- Unusual cases, and hundreds more...

### Read Both Books Without Buying

**VALA PUBLISHING CO., Dept. S-414**  
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Mail me "THE IDEAL SEX LIFE" in plain wrapper marked "personal," with FREE GIFT (\$7.00 VALUE COMPLETE). I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage on delivery. If not satisfied within 5 days, I can return books and money will be refunded. I am over 21.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

( ) Check here if you desire to save delivery costs by enclosing only \$2.98 with coupon. See back page for guarantee.  
(CANADIAN ORDERS \$3.50. NO C.O.D.)

## SELL Advertising Book Matches

**FULL OR PART TIME!**  
No experience needed to earn big  
Daily Cash Commissions plus per-  
sonal expenses. Work from home or  
in a direct representative  
office. We are the largest manufacturer  
of advertising Book Matches in the  
world. Write for free catalog.  
**SUPERIOR MATCH CO.**  
Dept. E-562, 738 S. Broadway, Chicago 19

## LIVE OR VACATION IN MEXICO

\$150 PER MONTH!



Only \$1.00 for illustrated  
48-page booklet

Dept. 975-862 N. Fairfax - Los Angeles 46, California

## ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS THE KIND ADULTS WANT

HILARIOUS SITUATIONS, LUSTY SCENES

30 THRILL PACKED BOOKLETS, ONLY \$1.00

Sent Postpaid in Plain Envelope. No checks or C.O.D.

ARTCO, Box 666, Las Vegas, Nevada

**DON'T BET A HORSE**  
which has no chance to win  
**12 RULES**  
TO ELIMINATE LOSERS  
with 18 pages of instructions to keep all per-  
centage in your favor. By Bob Considine  
"Starting accuracy" Winchell  
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY if you're not pleased!  
Send \$1.00

**SCHOOL FOR RACING FANS**  
Box 299 BM Radio City Station, New York, N. Y.

**PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR BADGE \$3.98**  
Professional Badge used by thousands of private  
investigators, police officers, and others for free,  
personal protection. Solid BRONZE for lifetime wear. \$3.98 postpaid.  
Genuine BRONZE. Send \$3.98 plus \$1.00 postage  
C.O.D.'s results 20 to 30 days!  
FREE WITH ORDER ONLY! Complete catalog  
INTERNATIONAL POLICE EQUIPMENT CO.  
Dept. 975  
1000 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 25, Calif.

**DETECTIVE PROFESSION**  
Opportunities everywhere for trained  
Investigators, both men and women,  
private and professional. For free,  
information about easy home study  
plan, lapel pin, certificate and re-  
warding future. No salesmen will call.  
PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS  
PO Box 11177 AX  
Los Angeles 41, California

**Lili & Cyr**  
Presents... HER FABULOUS  
**'Scantie' Panties**  
(THE BRAVEST NECESSITY)  
Scandalously brief panties expertly tailored  
of sheerest 100% nylon with confounded  
French shadow panel. Maximum comfort  
with minimum coverage—perfect for street  
wear, stage, or photography.  
**A TERRIFIC GIFT SET —  
GUARANTEED TO PLEASE!**  
Choice of BLACK, RED, WHITE, PINK, or  
BLUE. Order SMALL, MEDIUM, or LARGE  
Set of 3... **\$3.98**  
Give hip measurement for perfect fit. (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s at this price)  
**LILI & CYR Dept. 975**  
1000 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 25, California

are Germanic. We must not repeat the error of making Germans the enemy of Germanic Europe. Keep the Aryans on our side and we cannot fail.

"Africa, Asia, the world is calling us. It is our duty to take it. These foolish peoples will be putty in our hands. They are divided. They are weak. They are uncivilized. They are untrained. We, the German folk, the most highly trained, most intelligent, most talented, most technical and most scientific folk in the world can rule them and shape them as well.

"Then—and only then—when three fourths of the world's surface, when four fifths of the world's peoples are under German rule, German leadership, German culture, will it be time to sweep aside the last pretensions and boldly make our play, directly to the heart of the matter—first the conquest of Britain . . . and finally to the continent of North America.

"I will not live to see this final triumph of Aryanism. Many of you will not live to see it either. But it is the inheritance of our children, our grandchildren, our great-grandchildren, our Germany.

"Every one of us must do our part,

beginning now, beginning this very day. The task is huge. But the victory will be worth the tremendous effort. The time is long. But the longer we delay the beginning, the further away will be the end.

"One thing more. It is my hope, it is my prayer, that I will see my fatherland again before death comes to me. One day—perhaps sooner than you think, I will return to Germany. But my dream is more important than my person. Do not harm that dream by making my reappearance the signal for a premature act of stupidity. Help me. Hide me. Protect me. That I feel I have a right to ask in remembrance for the past. Let me give you help and heart for the future fight. But nothing more. It is 17 years now since I left you. Like my enemies—I am older than you remember. Like the present day rulers of Germany, I am past my political prime.

"But my mind has gained clarity while my muscles grew soft. Take my words as wisdom. I have thought about them long and carefully.

"So, Germans, auf wiedersehen—Germany, my Germany—Deutschland Über Alles." •••

## DOUBLE-CROSS OF WARSAW (Continued from page 21)

least, had not a worry in the world.

And why should they worry? For their uniforms, topped with the bloody star of the Red Army, indicated to all the Warsaw population that here was a trio of conquerors. These were the lords of creation. Vengeance, certain, swift, and awful in its primitive Asiatic cruelty would strike any man, woman or child who so much as laid an angry finger on them.

They moved on, past the flimsy, deserted battle-ravaged buildings, over the heaps of fragmented bricks, around the deep, bomb-torn craters in the pavement. And then, they stopped short. It was only the slightest flicker, the tiniest trace of light. But it was enough. Behind the dark patch that served both as a blind and a window, there were people—terrified, war-shocked people, trying desperately to stay alive within the shelter of those semi-decayed walls.

The soldiers stopped—and grinned. One of them grunted gutturally and pointed. The other two stood there, mouths open in a stupid, half-conscious leer as they waited to see what would happen. The first man laughed aloud and began to walk inside. His comrades, hesitating only for a few seconds, followed after him.

Inside, huddled round a tiny stove, in which a few sticks were feebly burning, three "free" citizens of Warsaw were trying to keep warm. The man, well past middle-age, had somehow—miraculously—survived the desperate years of Nazi occupation. His wife, although she was only 51, was wrinkled, bent and ugly. And with them was a girl—almost a child—their granddaughter—a youngster of nearly

13. Their eyes cried their terror as they stiffened and started back. The sight of three burly soldiers could only mean one thing—trouble. Five-and-a-half years of military rule had taught them

that much.

The vodka-distorted vision of the three privates recognized neither age nor youth—nor helpless poverty. There were women there. That was enough. They asked no questions and wasted no time. These were scum—rotten civilian scum. Pulling their pistols from their belts, they gestured fiercely, and mumbled orders in indistinct Russian.

The soldier who had led the way into the room advanced on the child. Her screams of protest were answered with a brutal slap that brought a deep red welt to her cheek. And then, methodically, the Russian began to tear at her thin, patched clothing.

The old woman couldn't stand it. Breaking away, she ran away screaming into the center of the room. "No, no!" she shouted hysterically. "Let the child alone. We'll give you anything! If you've got to have someone, take me instead."

One of the other soldiers laughed uproariously. "You Grandma? You want me to take you? Very well. No one can ever say that a Soviet soldier failed to oblige a woman." He lurched forward, grabbing her by the front of her blouse.

The third soldier swallowed as he watched the terrible scene unfold. Pushing the old man against the wall, he stepped in closer, watching lustfully as his companions prevailed against the feeble struggles of the women. There was a thin scream from the youngster—a muffled sob from the old woman. Soon it was over and the two rapists stepped back, indicating to their waiting comrade that it was his turn.

Later—much later—when the Communists had finally gone, the three Poles sat quietly, eyes drawn, expressions beaten, eyes averted from one another. The past was a thing of horror—the present, an era of torture—

## Directory Of Active Clubs

For your protection, to keep out undesirable, those who have agreed to co-operate with the Post Office Department. Their extensive advertising enables them to offer better service. Our clients include biggest advertisers in this field. If you are lonely—if life is passing you—why not meet the sun half way?

RALPH KELLY—Advertising  
P.O. Box 5697 Reno, Nevada



## MEN—1200 PHOTOS \$2

This is the world's largest matrimonial catalogue. The latest and liveliest mass-assembly of lonely women ever published. 1200 single women eager to marry. All ages, shapes and sizes. Hundreds of fresh listings every month. Clubs: do not copy MEN; for top results, get 1200 big, clear photos & details \$2. I.C.B., Box 1021, Stn. C, Toronto, Can.

For Centuries—

## JAPANESE GIRLS

have been trained since childhood in the art of pleasing men and catering to their every wish and desire. Our membership includes hundreds of wonderful Japanese girls—mothers, nurses, teachers, actresses, waitresses, unskilled maidens, secretaries, of all ages. Today rush \$1.00 for membership application, real photos, descriptions, names, questionnaire, etc.

JAPAN INTERNATIONAL  
P. O. Box 1181 WW Newport Beach, California

**HOW TO WIN and Keep The One You Love**

2 unique booklets: "Women Who Loved You" and "Women Who Are Loved by Men." Solving the question, "What are the essential characteristics most appealing to the opposite sex?" Results of intimate information "How to act—what to do—to gain a sweetheart." Attractively printed on good quality book paper. Not to be confused with used book literature. Try the success plan of loving and be happy. The two booklets, postpaid. Soc. Destiny League, P.O. Box 5697, Reno, Nevada.

**MEN...**

Want a SWEETHEART? A woman who has been hundreds of lonely years waiting to meet you! Get acquainted by mail with our catalog of 1200 pictures and descriptions \$2.  
TWIN CITY BUREAU - BOX 3129  
TRAFFIC STA. MINNEAPOLIS 3, MINN.

## BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN GIRLS

Over 200 lovely young Italian ladies, ages 18 to 30, desiring early marriage. Also 150 American ladies. Total over 350 with at least 175 photos. All for only \$1.00.

CLUB ROMA, Box 177, Pomona, Calif.

**STATISTICS** (Bust, Waist, Height, Hair, Weight) of every lady on list desiring Matrimony—names, addresses, descriptions, etc. 100 different (List 1) \$1. 100 Mexican girls 16 to 22 (List 2) \$1. 200 American girls 18 to 30 (List 3) \$1. All 4 lists \$3. All sent sealed.

**SATELLITE** Box 1601, Dept. D El Paso, Texas

### WEALTHY WOMEN!

100 Women who claim wealth and are seeking Pen-Pals, Friends, and Marriage. Exclusive list only \$2.00.

**SELECT LISTING SERVICE**  
P. O. Box 647 CZ Chicago 90, Illinois

## EXTRA SPECIAL

If you want—not just a mate, but the RIGHT mate—then let us help you. Men will receive 494 latest listing plus 188 latest listings. Ladies 350 men's pictures & listing. Return \$10. Send \$10.00, Ladies 25¢ for enrollment dues until suited. Your age & photo helpful. Quick Results.

To → Private Mailway Clubs Dept. B]

P. O. BOX 3753, PHILADELPHIA 22, PA. OR 51 W. 47 ST., NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK OR 1111 ALLEGHENY AV., PITTSBURGH 22, PA. OR 216 W. JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO 4, ILL. OR 601 S. VERNON, LOS ANGELES 3, CALIF. OR 33 EDDY ST., BOSTON 45, MASS. OR 5078 GARFIELD AVE., DETROIT 13, MICH. OR 2001 N. HAMPTON, BIRMINGHAM 2, AL. OR 2300 W. CURTIS ST., TAMPA 2, FLORIDA OR 2907 W. 45TH ST., KANSAS CITY 2, KAN. OR 1511 W. COMMERCE AV., SAN ANTONIO 7, TEXAS. OR 14123 ORINOCO AV., EAST CLEVELAND 12, OHIO

## 110 PRETTY GIRLS \$1

Mail \$1 for 110 pictures and addresses of pretty, single, lonely nurses, teachers, models, widows, farmers' wives, etc., ages 18 to 25, that you will be happy to know! Add \$1 if you want some photos! Nationwide!

## FRIENDSHIP CLUB

5880 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.  
HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

**LONELY?**

At last, there's no need to be lonely any longer—no need to look for companionship thousands of miles from your home. Men and women with you of the opposite sex, LIVING NEAR YOU—by joining this unique and independent club. Send for FREE details. ELITE PUBLISHING SERVICE, P. O. Box 1991, Chicago 90, Ill.

## MEET NEW FRIENDS

of the opposite sex. Find love and happiness thru America's best Correspondence Club. Membership open to persons of all ages in the United States. Ages 18 to 30. State age, also whether White or Colored. Free participation in plain sealed envelope. Established 1933.

**AMERICAN CLUB**  
Box 6382-Y Philadelphia 32, Pa.

**UNIQUE CLUB**

devoted to men and women with imagination! Exchange new ideas, meet interesting people! Amateur models, physicians, dentists, business men, students, etc. Many New Contacts for you, other interesting offers. Complete information, 25¢. Send to:

WILSON, 410 Park Pl., Fort Lee, N. J.

**Be Lonely No More!**

**Open Destiny's Door!**

\$2.00 brings Cupid's Destiny, World's Largest Picture Publication, including coast-to-coast and international listings with names and addresses, men or women. Captivating descriptions, sparkling pictures, widow, widower, bachelors, beautiful girls desiring early marriage. (Year, quarterly, \$5.00.)

Destiny League P.O. Box 5697, Reno, Nevada

## HANDY ORDER FORM K

No need to write a letter. For quick action simply fill in name and address and mail with \$2.00 for latest issue (or \$5.00 for full year subscription):

Destiny League, P.O. Box 5697, Reno, Nev.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

## Men! Men! Men!

We don't care about your age. Just tell us kind of woman you wish to meet. Our women are screaming to meet you.

### MARRY RICH!

In about five days after we receive your application you'll start receiving letters.

Send me a stamp —

Your Friend, Ruth

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Write us a letter telling us about yourself. Also send in above application. This offer will not be repeated if we can get enough men for our women.

Remember our slogan: "No man is any good without a woman."

Girls! Send us a snapshot.

**HELP COMPANY CLUB**  
4554 Broadway Chicago 40, Ill.

## LONESOME?

Find your Lifemate through my Club. Old and Reliable. Established 1924. Personal service for refined men and women. Nation wide membership. Many state and city branches. (CONFIDENTIAL, INDIVIDUAL, PERSONAL SERVICE.) Confidential introductions by letter. Free Particulars. Photos. Descriptions. Sealed.

LOIS L. REEDER, Box 549-MG Palestine, Texas

**LONELY!**

Let us help you find that certain someone. Join old reliable Club. Over 20 years of dependable, confidential service. Correspondents most everywhere seeking congenial mates. Proven results. Interesting photos, descriptions FREE.

**STANDARD CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, INC.**  
Box 207 Grayslake, Illinois

## MEN! MEET THE GIRL OF

**YOUR DREAMS**



No matter what age you are! No matter where you live. We can introduce you to the girl you've been waiting for. Write for FREE pictures and descriptions of attractive maidens, teachers, wealthy widows—all eager to meet you—all seeking romance. Our personalized introduction service assures you of fast, dependable results. All information is confidential sent in plain, sealed envelopes. Don't be lonely another day! Send coupon to our home office TODAY!

Please rush pictures and descriptions in plain, sealed envelope. 45

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Offices in Principal Cities

Home Office:

**CROWN REGISTRY**  
4924 Greenville Avenue • Dallas 6, Texas

# DRAW Any Person



in 1 Minute

**NO LESSONS! NO TALENT!**  
You Can Draw Your Family  
Friends, Literature, Pictures,  
Even If You CAN'T DRAW!  
**ALL YOU NEED IS A PENCIL,**  
**CELENT! for All Types of**  
**DRAWING.**

**Human Figures • Outdoors  
Scenes, Landscapes, Buildings,  
Still Life, Still Life, Still Life,  
Bowl of fruit, lamps, furniture,  
etc., portraits, other pictures,  
etc. Copy designs,  
etc., sketching, cartooning,  
etc., crocheting, knitting,  
etc., anything you want to draw.**

**This seal is followed by the**  
**sheet of the "picture image," with**  
**"professional looking" drawing.**

**SEND NO MONEY!**  
For only \$1.38 plus postage. Or send  
only \$1.38 with order and we  
despatch immediately.  
Guarantees that if not satisfied  
after 10 Day Trial!

**NORTON PRODUCTS**  
Dept. 717, 26 Broadway, N.Y.C. 7

**MAKE ANY  
WINDOW into  
ONE WAY GLASS**

**NOW . . . with simple drug store materials, you can  
paint plain window glass so you CAN LOOK OUT  
through it, but the person on the other side CAN'T  
LOOK IN AT YOU. To get your Complete "One Way  
Glass Seal" send only \$1.00.**

**E-Z FORMULAS, Dept. 975  
5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.**

**MAN & WIFE TEAM**

**If you have a camera, you can earn the  
kind of money you have always dreamed of.  
Complete Literature \$1.00.**

**ARTEK, Dept. 975  
836 N. FAIRFAX, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.**

**SPICE OF LIFE  
PARTY RECORDS**

**82 X-tastional new records featuring spicy  
songs and gay stories for adults. Packed  
with all kinds of fun, excitement, fun, fun,  
light and exite. Complete set of **800 SPICY  
QUALITY 45 or 78 rpm records (titles  
choice), sent prepaid in plain sealed pack-  
age. Price \$10.00.****

**OFFER: Two Different Sets of 16 Re-  
cordings for only \$5.95. For a thrilling  
adventure in adult entertainment, order  
yours Today!**

**NATIONAL, Dept. 35-F, Box 4241, TOLEDO 8, OHIO**

**Find HIDDEN TREASURES**

**Find TREASURE and REBICS with new *Hidden  
Treasures*. Used by professionals and amateurs  
the world over. Guaranteed to detect Gold,  
Silver Coins, battlefield relics. FREE INFO.  
RAYTECH  
Box 713 - North Hollywood, California**

**POEMS WANTED**

**To Be Set To Music**  
Send one or more of your best poems  
today for FREE EXAMINATION  
Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.  
Photograph Records Made

**CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 495 New York 1**

**UNCOMMON VICE  
DETECTION  
EQUIPMENT**

**OUR BUSINESS IS THE SECURING OF UNIQUE PO-  
LICE, VICE SQUAD AND DETECTIVE DEVICES . . . Now  
available—complete selection of hard-to-find items!  
Men, send today for ILLUSTRATED pictorial catalog  
and future descriptive mailings. Rush 25¢:**

**INTERNATIONAL POLICE EQUIPMENT, Dept. 975  
5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.**

the future . . . ? There was no future. Warsaw had been liberated—to be sure. But was this liberty? Was this the day that every citizen of the city had waited for, prayed for, day after day for ages?

For in January, 1945, the Communist armies of Russia had finally reached the Polish capital. For the second time in a single war, the city was the prostrate victim of the swaggering conqueror.

**T**HE LUNATIC of Berlin began his treacherous attack upon peaceful Poland with mass air and tank assaults all along the border on September 1, 1939. In the small hours of that summer morning, Hitler's bombers surprised the Polish Air Force on the ground and wiped out nearly one-third of the 900 first-line aircraft. Many of the surviving ships were not of the most modern type, so they could hardly cope with the brand-new Luftwaffe groups that outnumbered them five to one. With control of the air, the Nazis hurled eight divisions of the Third Army south from East Prussia towards Warsaw. From Pomerania, the Reich stabbed across the Danzig Corridor and down towards Warsaw with the dozen divisions of the Fourth Army. The Tenth Army (17 divisions) smashed directly for Warsaw.

Warsaw was the heart of Polish resistance, and Hitler tried to demolish it on the very first morning with a strong attack by heavy bombers. Enough of the Polish squadrons were still intact during the first few days of September to keep the Nazi bombers from doing too much damage. By September 4, however, the Luftwaffe ruled the sky. Then the Germans, who had sworn publicly not to bomb civilians, started to hammer Warsaw into bloody rubble.

On September 4th and 5th, the proud citizens of Warsaw tasted the agonizing realities of modern warfare. Their city was raked with high explosives over 30 times in two days, and the streets were filled with the cries of the dying. Churches and hospitals were wrecked without mercy by bloodthirsty Nazi fliers who just didn't give a damn where they bombed, so that when doctors or priests were needed, these ministers to the wounded were already dead themselves.

On the 11th, the city was under unbelievable artillery and aerial bombardment. Over 20,000 shells poured down. There were 40 air raids in that one day. It was certain death to step out of your cellar, for if the enemy blasting didn't kill you, the falling bricks of burning buildings would. But Warsaw kept resisting, kept killing Germans. On the 12th, Hitler himself visited his supposedly invincible legions who were stopped cold in the suburbs of the city. He tried to cheer them up—with little success.

More German divisions moved in. By September 13th Warsaw was nearly completely surrounded. Only the road to Lublin was still open. The few foreign diplomats, who stayed behind, reported that half of the city was destroyed.

On September 14th, the main battle lines of the brave Polish armies in the field collapsed. Their supply lines were cut in a hundred places, their communications network had been shattered, and heavy enemy tank forces were raging freely through big gaps between the badly battered defenders. Hundreds

of German spies with radio transmitters pinpointed targets for the hungry Luftwaffe squadrons. The casualties were tremendous.

But valiant Warsaw refused to give up the fight. On the 16th, the outraged Nazi High Command gave the population of Warsaw until 3:10 a.m. of the next day to surrender. The city was burning, crippled, mortally wounded. Her garrison was running short of food and water. Civilians were eating dogs and cats. Ammunition and fuel were rationed. Only one other city in Poland still held out, and it was obvious that only a miracle could save the capital. There was nothing to be gained by further resistance—only honor.

Now thousands of pieces of artillery joined in the rain of death. On September 27th, Mayor Starzynski—the rugged character whom the citizens had affectionately dubbed "Stefan the Stubborn" for his refusal to yield—had a final conference with the commanders of the Polish divisions in the city. The Germans were pushing deeper into the suburbs by the hour. To prevent further unnecessary bloodshed and to avoid total destruction of a great and historic city, Warsaw finally surrendered. After 27 days of aerial bombardment and 20 days of siege, the heroic city laid down its arms.

The Germans, those cold Aryan supermen, were impressed. A single city had come close to bleeding their goose-stepping army dry. And as the Nazis sat around their conference tables, going through the inevitable post-mortem of the battle, it was determined that such a deadly resistance must never occur again. The Polish men were brave. They must be broken. The women were even braver. They must be demoralized.

And so began one of the most fantastic plots in history: a preconceived plan of vengeance to turn a city of proud people into soulless, mindless zombies.

Into the city were brought a horde of Nazi fanatics—SS troops, the party faithful and specially indoctrinated units of the Army. And then they were turned loose under the most detailed orders.

"Special attention will be given to destroying Polish dignity," one of the circulars read. "Insults, physical abuse will be encouraged. All Poles, regardless of age or sex, must be made to understand that any resistance toward Germany, no matter what the reason or provocation, is not to be tolerated. Commanders are instructed to disregard all complaints made by Poles against members of the occupation. Civilian authorities are to be considered the equal of the military for this purpose . . ."

Armed with this protection, the Germans went wild. Men were shot dead on the spot for failure to surrender the sidewalk to a passing German. Women were openly raped on the streets and a protest, no matter how feeble, was considered cause for a beating at least—or more likely—a trip to a concentration camp.

No home was safe. There was no curfew on German brutality. Robbery—even at gunpoint on the open street—was common. And starvation was the order of the day. The Poles were now a slave race. So it had been decreed. So it was carried out.

Item: Early in 1940, Stefan and Melanie R. were accosted on the street by a squad of German soldiers.





# Be POPULAR! In any Company—Anywhere!

To be really popular, you should know how to do many different things and do them well. An expert dancer is always in demand socially. A man who can box or wrestle is always liked and respected. People like you if you know how to entertain. And the man or girl who knows the art of love is REALLY desirable. These books tell you how.

## LOVE AND ROMANCE

- 45. The Art of Kissing.....75¢
- 46. True Love Guide.....75¢
- 47. Modern Love Letters.....75¢

## SELF-DEFENSE

- 24. Police Jiu-Jitsu.....75¢
- 25. Police Wrestling.....75¢
- 26. Scientific Boxing.....75¢

## DANCE INSTRUCTION

- 50. How to Dance.....75¢
- 51. Swing Steps.....75¢
- 52. Tap Dancing.....75¢

## FORTUNE TELLING

- 8. Fortune Telling by Cards.....75¢
- 10. Astrology—Horoscopes.....75¢
- 11. Book of Signs and Their Meaning.....75¢
- 3. Prince All Dream Book.....75¢
- 25. Dictionary of 1,000 Dreams.....75¢
- 4. American Dream Book and Dream Book.....75¢

## FORWARD S.I.

## CARD TRICKS

- 2. Thurston's Card Tricks.....75¢

## LANGUAGES SELF-TEAUGHT

- 6. French Self-Taught.....75¢
- 7. Spanish Self-Taught.....75¢
- 15. Italian Self-Taught.....75¢
- 16. German Self-Taught.....75¢
- 17. Polish Self-Taught.....75¢

## HYPNOTISM

- 48. 25 Lessons in Hypnotism.....75¢

## MAGIC

- 55. Magic Made Easy.....75¢
- 64. Easy Card Magic.....75¢

## TOASTS AND SPEECHES

- 55. The Big Toast Book.....75¢
- 56. Ready-Made Speeches and Toasts.....75¢

## HUMOR

- 50. Joe Miller's Joke Book.....75¢
- 51. The Great Gopher.....75¢
- 59. Famous Poems and Recitations.....75¢
- 72. Famous Old Time Songs.....75¢
- 81. How to Be Popular at the Party.....75¢

## SPECIAL OFFERS

- Any Three Books.....\$1.98
- All 30 Books.....Only \$17.98
- WE PAY ALL WRAPPING AND POSTAGE COSTS
- IF MONEY IS SENT WITH ORDER

## Money Back Guarantee

You must be satisfied ... we know you will be. Examine for 5 days and if not delighted return for full refund. Just mail us the books.

Print out the books you want, check this list, fill out the coupon below, placing a circle around the number of each book you want, and mail the coupon to us now!

## MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW

PICKWICK CO., Dept. SMG: 2  
Box 463, Midtown Sta., New York 18, N. Y.  
I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ (in cash or money order)  
for which send me the books checked below.

45	30	2	40	60
46	31	6	65	8
47	32	7	64	9
24	8	15	55	22
25	10	16	54	41
26	3	17	20	4

## Money Back Guarantee

Name.....

Street.....

City & Zone..... State.....

□ If C.O.D., preferred mark X in box, mail coupon and your money plus postage, add \$0.25 additional cash with order.

Taken to a public park, they were ordered, at gunpoint to "put on a show." Forced to comply, they were jeered at, given obscene advice and manhandled during the "performance." Afterwards, Stefan was tied to a tree and forced to watch while his captors "showed him how a woman ought to be treated" by seven men in order. At the conclusion, he was ordered to "thank" his "teachers for the wonderful lesson in love" and then was robbed of everything he possessed to "pay for the education."

Item: In September, 1941, following the murder of a German corporal, 50 families were turned out of their beds at dawn, and lined up in the rubble-strewn area behind their houses. A swaggering SS Major strutted up and down before the frightened people. After a few minutes he picked out ten of the hostages, including two children both under the age of ten. A squad of men came up behind the chosen ones and placing pistols to their heads, blew their brains out. A second group was selected—and then a third. All in all, out of a total of 135 Poles, 60 were executed. The rest were taken back to their houses and released. The bodies of the dead were left in the open to rot.

Item: In February, 1942, squad cars of Germans raged through the city. At every shop—bakery, grocer or butcher—they ground to a halt. The soldiers jumped to the sidewalk, surrounding the women who were doing their meager shopping. The women were stripped on the spot. At every stop, one or two of the prettiest were dragged away. The others were raped or not as it pleased the soldiers. During the morning, 817 girls were rounded up. They were sent to Army brothels for "service."

Item: In April, 1943, a truck-driving contest was held in a field outside of Warsaw. The object was to drive through an obstacle-studded course in the quickest possible time. The obstacles? Poles—men and women, tied firmly to small stakes driven in the ground. During the "game" more than 40 people were killed and some 118 injured seriously by the racers. The winning Army team was given its choice of these survivors as a "gift."

**A ND YET THE PEOPLE survived** in a glowering courage. For years they refused to give up hope. And finally as the tide began to turn, they planned their stroke of revenge.

At 5 p.m. on July 31, 1944, Warsaw rose again. With the booming of Russian cannon in the distance and at the request of the Soviet generals to stage a mass military action that would tip up several Nazi divisions, the leaders of the Underground and the Home Army agreed to stage a gigantic riot in the city. They still trusted the Red Army. They believed in its solemn promises that the advancing Soviet forces would soon restore Warsaw to its people. All German civilians had been evacuated by the time the uprising exploded.

For five or six days the Poles kept the initiative as they stormed a dozen key installations, but then the tide of battle began to shift slowly. The Germans moved in heavy tanks to fire cannon point-blank at any structure that housed a single sniper. The Nazis also sent out numerous demolition teams with high explosives to destroy

whole blocks of buildings. Hundreds of howitzers and mortars rained screaming steel on every street not occupied by either Wehrmacht or SS units, and by August 10th the half-ruined city that was Warsaw was burning fiercely once again.

With thousands of decomposing corpses peopling the shattered houses, the situation was extremely grave. On September 18th, the first foreign aid reached Warsaw. The Red Army was resting only 20 miles away, but the help came in the form of parachuted supplies dropped by American planes which had flown all the way from England. This was hardly enough to last very long. On September 26th, Stefan Korbonski, head of the Underground, radioed London that "There are no reserves left. The population is already killing dogs for food. We are again faced with the spectre of capitulation." Dysentery and scarlet fever epidemics were raging.

But the Russians still sat calmly, waiting for the Germans to exterminate the non-Communist forces that had sparked the uprising. This had been their brutal plan from the very beginning, even when they were urging the Poles to revolt. The city fought on hopelessly until October 2nd, when the medical, food and fire crises were so awful that the only solution was surrender.

For three solid months, the Red Army sat and watched, as the Germans clamped down on the mangled corpse of the city. They listened as the firing squads went through a series of wholesale executions. They waited as truckloads of Warsaw's bravest men and women were carted off to the gas chambers and ovens of Buchenwald and Dachau, as the citizens were butchered en masse.

And then, in January, 1945, the lumbering divisions of Russia woke up. They began with an artillery barrage, the like of which made even the days of 1939 seem like a summer shower. For days they kept up the pressure, the pounding, the storm of steel. And then they moved forward.

Into the city, treating it as if it were an enemy town, the Red infantrymen drove, killing, burning house by house, block by block. The opposition was nil. The Germans turned tail and ran. But still the orgy of death continued.

Following the capture of the city, a new reign of terror began. To the horrified Poles, the Russians behaved exactly like the Nazis. Rape? Almost every woman of the city was taken forcibly at least once. Assault? Seven out of every ten persons were beaten. Robbery? Everything of value was taken at gunpoint to be shipped back to Russia, the so-called worker's paradise.

And then, in a final grim roar, they foisted their own insane system of government on the people. Backed by the guns of the Red Army, Poland went Communist. Under the same threat, it remains Red today.

But the people of the doubly-raped city have never forgotten. And, as they proved before, the day will come when in a spirit of unconquerable courage, they will once again demonstrate to the world that the human spirit is beyond tyranny. For eventually, even despotism comes to an end.

Even Communism!  
God will that it be soon. ••••

## SEX-CRAZED KILLER

(Continued from page 23)

terror-bosses! He reached the top. Today sadistic, rapacious Howard Dale is a Chinese General!

A trusted executioner for Mao Tse Tung, the master-terrorist of them all, Dale has practically a free hand to butcher, rape and ravage. It was Mao who recognized Dale's singular "qualities" and boosted him up the Red ladder until the American traitor became commander of the Communist Chinese terror-troops in Mongolia!

"The American renegade, Howard Dale, has killed thousands in ruthless blood-purges and he has made 10,000 helpless women his sex-slaves!"

This was a statement made by a neutral newspaper correspondents' group recently returned from a three-month visit to Red China.

"With the blessing and support of the Pieping government, Dale has become a Communist version of the old-style Chinese war-lord," members of the group declared. "He has committed countless hideous, savage outrages and atrocities under the Communist high command's direction. He is, of course, a member of the International Communist Party . . ."

These facts have long been known to Western intelligence agencies, but until the neutral reporters made their trip in January, 1959, the information had been treated as confidential and classified.

The turncoat American mass-murderer and degenerate needed no indoctrination into the "persuasive" methods of Communism. He fitted into the Red Chinese pattern of violence and terrorism from the very start.

Private Dale was facing a court-martial—a general court-martial—for a number of military offenses ranging from insubordination and AWOL to theft when the Korean War began. He was then stationed in Japan with one of the units that was sent to Korea at the very beginning of the conflict.

Whether he was taken along under arrest or given a chance to redeem himself in combat is not known. Most of his unit's officials and men were killed or taken prisoner to die in Red POW camps.

However it happened, Pvt. Howard Dale was one of the GI's who landed in Korea in July, 1950. Dale wasted no time in committing the treason he had doubtless planned long before. In the confusion attendant upon the initial landings, he was able to gather up various papers and documents—some fairly valuable, others less so—from head-quarters field files.

Stuffing these into a musette bag, he managed to slip away from his company and contacted the enemy North Korean Reds north of Taesjon.

Dale surrendered—and presented the papers he had brought with him as proof of his intentions to betray his own

### UNCENSORED

Never a gal like her in a film like this torrid production. Her body is sensational. She'll make you shudder with pleasure. She'll delight you.



# THE GREATEST BURLESQUE MOVIE EVER MADE!

You won't believe your eyes when you see it. You'll not part with it for any price. The film of the century can now be yours!

### GUARANTEED

Your money back at once if it's not better than any you've seen

HONEY BEE  
42-26-37  
A SEXUALIST STAG SHOW  
STRICTLY FOR ADULTS

8mm Movie (50 feet) . . . \$3.00  
16mm Movie (100 feet) . . . \$6.00  
8 4x5 Photos . . . \$2.00  
5 2x2 Color Slides . . . \$2.00  
Melton 8mm Movie Viewer \$4.95

Send cash, check or money order + No C.O.D.'s  
**TIGER PRODUCTION LAB**  
BOX 69993 LOS ANGELES 69, CALIFORNIA  
DEPT. 716

## CLEAR UP ACNE. PIMPLES!



WITH  
2 TINY  
CAPSULES  
A DAY!

COMPLEXION PERFECTION™

### IMPORTANT

The Halsion Plan is fully guaranteed. The Allan Drug Co. stands behind every capsule. Thousands have found the happiness that comes with a clearer complexion. Because individual experiences may vary, you must get satisfactory results or every penny will be refunded.

Not available in Canada

The HALSION PLAN  
for complexion care  
is enclosed with  
each order.

- A wonderful new vitamin formula.
- No more sticky ointments.
- No more greasy creams.
- Full 30 day supply \$3.95.



### ALLAN DRUG CO.

Dept. 975

5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

- I enclose \$3.95, check or money order. Halsion pays the postage.  
 I enclose C.O.D. 30-day supply of Halsion. I agree to pay postage.

It is my understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return the unused capsules or empty bottle for prompt refund.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Halsion  
By ALLAN



**ONLY  
\$3.98**

- FEATURES**
- EXCITING
- 2 PIECE
- LOVELINESS
- SOFT,
- COMFORTABLE
- NYLON
- IT'S LIGHT-
- BRIGHT-
- LOVELY
- MAKES YOU
- FEEL
- COMPLETELY
- RELAXED

#### Inspired by the Fashions of the Palaces of the Near East

Here is the night-and-day garment inspired by the fashions of the palaces of the Near East, where the princesses dress in the luxury and comfort of the ages. You'll love the luxurious feeling the soft lace at the top gives your bare shoulders—you'll joy in the comfort and "naughtiness" of the harem jamas—just like the girls in the pictures and folds from the hips to the ankles. Instantly, you'll be transformed into an alluring woman, secure in the knowledge of your desirability! And your harem jamas doesn't get ruined if you wash them in hot water—blue or fiery red, you'll love them in any color. Only \$3.98. Shipped in plain wrapper. State bust and waist size. Full money back guarantee, if not delighted. Order C.O.D. or send cash, check or money order to:

Smoothie Co., Dept. H.P. 57

Lynbrook, N.Y.

**BUDDY BREGMAN**  
MUSIC PRODUCTIONS

of SAM GOLDWYN STUDIOS

#### WANTS POEMS!

to be developed into NEW SONGS. Buddy Bregman has been musical director for—

★ BING CROSBY

★ ELIA FITZGERALD

... and many other top artists.

Send POEMS today for free examination to:

**BUDDY BREGMAN MUSIC PRODUCTIONS**  
Dept. 775, 7868 Willoughby, L.A. 46, Calif.



for...  
**THOSE**  
WHO ARE  
WITH IT!

Our Company offers a complete selection of hard to obtain, REAL PARTY RECORDS. Records that are not available in the average store. Send today for ILLUSTRATED PICTORIAL CATALOGUE and details of FREE RECORD OFFER. Enclose 5c for handling.

P. R. C. Studio 715

5880 Hollywood Boulevard  
Hollywood 28, California

country. Although they had not yet actively entered the Korean War at that time, the Chinese Reds were master-minding the entire aggressive war. Hence, it was only natural that Dale be taken to Chinese staff officers.

"I've been a Party member for several years," Howard Dale announced. He produced a Communist Party card showing that he'd joined a Red cell in Detroit in 1945, under a cover-name.

"I want to switch sides," he told his captors. "I'll do anything you ask . . ."

For two weeks, Dale was held as a prisoner of war, albeit a somewhat special one. He was remarkably well treated while the Chinese Reds used international Communist communications channels to check his story. When the answer came back—affirming that Howard Dale had indeed been a card-carrying Communist under an assumed name—the turcoat was taken to Manchuria.

There, high-ranking Communist intelligence officers gave him an intensive examination. Dale was interrogated for more than a week. Obviously, his answers were satisfactory.

By October, 1950, he had been commissioned a "Staff Captain" in the Chinese Communist Forces—the infamous CCF!

**H**OWARD DALE proved invaluable to the Reds in those early months of the Korean War. He was able to furnish detailed information about U.S. Army organization and weapons. He could tell the North Koreans and Chinese things they did not know about the customs and habits, the nature and peculiarities of American military troops.

He also helped the Reds interrogate, brainwash and torture other Americans who were captured in the fighting. It was Dale who furnished the questions and answers that could—and did—trip up U.S. GIs during the endless third-degree sessions to which they were subjected.

The traitor worked tirelessly for his new masters. When necessary, he assumed the role of a POW himself and went into the camps to ferret out priceless military information. This role was simple for a man of Dale's character.

It was inevitable that his "good work" be reported to Peiping. By mid-1951, he was a Major in the Chinese Army, and on the following year was promoted to the equivalent of Lieutenant Colonel.

He learned Chinese—and was presented to China's brutal, cynical dictator, Mao Tse Tung in November, 1952. It was the turning point of his bloody, treacherous career. It made him.

Gory-handed Mao Tse Tung recognized Howard Dale for what he was—a completely amoral, merciless and sadistic born criminal type. He talked with Dale for several hours. Apparently he believed the boy had great potential, for he ended up by offering him command of the "Shensi" force, a battalion of specially-trained terror-

troops.

Dale accepted on the spot and for the next several months he directed the *Shensi* battalion's operations. During that period, these operations were directed at rounding up the tens of thousands of Caucasians who lived in China, including White Russians, Czechs and Poles who had fled to China after World War I when the Bolshevik terror broke out in Tsarist Russia.

These people had settled in China—mainly in the seacoast cities, but elsewhere as well. There were also people of practically every other nationality under the sun who had come to China for any one of a thousand reasons and stayed there.

The Chinese high command reasoned—correctly, as it turned out—that these people would have more confidence in a "white" man when they were rounded up, arrested and questioned. Hundreds of them turned in their terror to Dale, thinking he would help them. To him, they divulged the secrets of where they had hidden their money and valuables. They also provided him with valuable pieces of other information.

Those who were reluctant to talk were either gunned down without trial by *Shensi* battalion execution squads, or subjected to hideous tortures. "Colonel" Dale seldom missed a chance to watch these tortures, especially if women were the victims. He derived a sadist's pleasure from seeing female bodies lashed and whipped, cut and beaten . . .

When, in 1954, the "Communization" of Inner Mongolia was stalled by the open and armed resistance of Mongolian tribesmen, the Peiping Government decided to take more severe measures to stamp out the uprisings. Several "shock-terror" regiments were formed and sent to the trouble spots.

One of these, the 217th Regiment, was sent to Ningxia—and it was commanded by "Colonel" Howard Dale, the American traitor.

The bloody rape of Ningxia—a province larger than the State of Massachusetts in area—is one of the ghastliest pages of the horror story that is Red Chinese history.

Dale offered one rebellious group of tribesmen—more than 30,000 in number—an armistice. They accepted and more than 20,000 of them were slaughtered!

He leveled the towns of Changyeh and Kiuchau, putting more than 50,000 inhabitants—men, women and children—to the sword during a single, blazing month of carnage!

The younger, more attractive women were not killed. They were rounded up and penned in huge corral-like concentration areas where they awaited further inspection.

Colonel Dale got first choice. Driving through the corrals in his Russian-made jeep, he selected the girls and women he wanted. They were bathed and taken to his headquarters, where they were forced to participate in week-long

orgies. Heavily armed guards were posted in the rooms of the old palace Dale had taken over. They watched—and protected their commander—as he used the women and listened to the shrieking of his victims.

Whippings, beatings, cruelties and savageries beyond description were the order of the day.

Young girls—handsome, slender Mongols with coppery skins and high, firm breasts—were stripped. Their hands were tied and they were suspended from the ceiling to be brutally beaten by the insane Dale.

"I like to see them hanging like clusters of ripe grapes," Dale once gloated to an Indian military attache who visited his headquarters. "They scream beautifully when the whip bites into their flesh . . ."

IT TOOK Colonel Dale and his 217th Regiment eighteen months and an estimated 22,000 murders to "subdue and pacify" Ningxia and to "destroy the last elements of reactionary counter-revolution," as the Peiping Radio delicately phrased it.

He was rewarded with an on-the-spot promotion to the rank of General—conferred upon him by Mao Tse Tung himself, according to reliable reports. Quite a jump from private, U.S. Army—but then, of course, the qualifications were different. Supposedly Mao flew to Ningxia to present his white "favorite" with the insignia of rank—awarding it to Dale in the gutted ruins of Changye, the city he had destroyed.

Dale was given command of an entire division—and he was also given a "roving" assignment to police Mongolia by spreading death, terror and destruction. His force was equipped with the latest Russian-made equipment, including JS-III—"Joseph Stalin"—tanks and UG-12 armored cars.

"General" Dale still holds this post and still has this assignment. He has established a fantastic headquarters city-complex at Hailar, between the rugged, forbidding Khingan Mountains and the Argun River, a tributary of the Amur.

Those who have seen this stronghold at Hailar (also known as Hulun) say that it is probably the greatest fortress-network on the face of the earth. Built with slave-labor, it consists of miles of subterranean tunnels and a labyrinthine complex of surface structures surrounded by thick, towering walls. It is almost impenetrable.

From this base, "General" Dale's terror-patrols fan out over Inner Mongolia. They supplement the tyrannical work of the regular military garrisons throughout the vast region—operating as does the dread MVD in Russia, or like the Gestapo and S.S. of Hitlerian Germany.

The monster with 10,000 mis-tresses," is a name Mongolian trivesses-men have given the American turncoat butcher.

Part of his fortress city is a huge brothel—a prison for female slaves many times larger than was ever

**ATTENTION! YOUNG MEN**  
WE OFFER YOU IMMEDIATE TRAINING

## IN HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATION

We have men who are now heavy equipment operators earning \$1.91 to \$4.21 per hour, who took this training as their first step.

The heavy construction industry is expanding throughout the world. Great opportunities for MEN... Learn to operate the giant Bull Dozers... Graders... Loaders... and other heavy equipment needed for building factories, skyscrapers, schools, hospitals, dams, bridges, highways.

**BILLIONS OF DOLLARS** will be paid to MEN in this industry. Would you like to get training for **HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATION?** Our



home study—resident training can be the first step. Then finish training on the big, modern machines. Thousands of men are answering our announcement. Our representatives do not have time to visit the merely curious. If you are sincerely interested, the Northwest representative is ready to help you. Get information about age and other requirements which must be met to qualify for employment in this giant industry. You are not committed in any way. No interruption of your present job or schooling. Mail coupon without delay.

MAIL  
AT ONCE

### HEAVY EQUIPMENT TRAINING, DEPT. AA-57

Northwest Schools, Inc., 730 Third Ave., New York 17, N. Y.  
Without obligation to me, rush full information

Name \_\_\_\_\_

(Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Nearest Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_

AMAZING LOW  
PRICE ONLY

\$ 6.98

ADJUSTABLE LENS

ADJUST DISTANCE

ADJUST HORIZONTAL

LIGHT-MOTOR SWITCH

ON-OFF SWITCH



## 8 MM MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR

### FULLY ELECTRIC AUTOMATIC REWIND

You will be thrilled and delighted with this motion picture projector that will bring to life 8 MM color or black and white movies right in your own home. Imported and mass produced using special skills, this unique projector is useful for personal enjoyment, family, and that's why this price is possible.

Yes, now home movies are a luxury you can afford. Take all the movies you want without spending a cent for the cost of a projector. You'll show movies to friends and relatives, hold parties and so much more.

### Portable & Fully Equipped

This sensational motion picture projector is fully electric and powered by standard batteries. There are no plugs or connections to get out of order and it's portable. It can be used indoors or outdoors.

Projector with automatic motor and light switch and screen, are all yours for the unbelievable price of \$6.98 plus 63¢ shipping charges. Full Money Back Guarantee.

Honor House Prod. Corp. Dept. PB-5  
Lynbrook, N.Y.

Rush me my fully electric 8 MM motion picture projector with automatic rewind, motor and light switch and screen at once. I understand that if I am not 100% satisfied, I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

I enclose \$6.98 and 63¢ shipping charges. Same guarantee.

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and shipping charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

### FEATURES

- Fully Electric
- Automatic Rewind
- Motor and Light Switch
- Projects Both Color and Black and White 8MM Movie Film
- Complete With Screen
- Sturdy Construction

10 DAY  
FREE TRIAL

# Live Longer and Better In NEW MEXICO



## THE HEALTHIEST, SUNNIEST CLIMATE In All America

Do you know people who wake up to sunshine 355 days out of each year . . . people who don't know what it is to be oppressed by humid heat in the summer or by the cold clutch of winter damp? Do you know people who can say that in their State the rate of cancer and heart disease is only HALF of what the nation as a whole faces? Do you know people to whom a suntan is a year-round commonplace, who work and play in a climate called America's healthiest?

We know such people. They live in New Mexico!

There isn't a state in the entire Union that gets the amount of sunshine which is lavished on New Mexico . . . not California, not Florida, nor Arizona nor Hawaii. There isn't a place on earth where the air is purer, where body health is more benignly bestowed.

And in all of New Mexico it would be difficult to match the climate and beauty of the region surrounding bright, charming Deming, located in the sub-tropical southwest portion of the State. Here, in the valley nestled alongside the gorgeous Florida Mountains, is DEMING RANCHETTES, only 5 miles from Deming itself. And here is where you can have a half-acre of your very own for only \$199 complete—\$5 down, \$5 per month. In neighboring Las Cruces land such as this is selling for 10 times this price! A year from now may see prices in DEMING RANCHETTES just as high. To show you what we're talking about we want to send you FREE our thick portfolio containing facts, maps, and actual 4 color photographs. No obligation . . . no salesman will call. See for yourself. Remember: it's FREE. Simply fill out the coupon.

**DEMING RANCHETTES**  
Dept. NH-31A  
112 West Pine St., Deming, N. M.  
Please send your FREE portfolio in full color including maps and story.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

The kind YOU will enjoy. Each one of these booklets is size 3½" x 6" and is ILLUSTRATED with 8 page cartoon ILLUSTRATIONS OF COMIC CHARACTERS and is full of fun and entertainment. 20 of these booklets ALL DIFFERENT, prepaid in plain envelope upon receipt of \$1.00. No checks or C.O.D. orders accepted.

**TREASURE NOVELTY CO. Dept. 42-K**  
122 Knickerbocker Station New York 2, N. Y.

**ZULU MONSTER DOLL**  
So Ugly, We Dare Not Print Its Picture!  
Your blood will run cold when you see this pocket-size nightmare. Your flesh will creep when you touch its incredibly stiff, cold, dead, scabbed body. Do not show your Zulu Monster Doll to your children. Do not order if you suffer from heart disease or a weak stomach. Rush 66 cents cash, check or money order today. Zulu Monster Doll is guaranteed to make women scream. Strong men feel faint . . . or money back!  
**VALO CO.**, Dept. 512 . . . 587 Seventh Ave.  
New York 36, N. Y.

dreamed of by any Middle Eastern potentate. In this sanctuary, Dale can satisfy his most wicked perversions. Most of the women are exclusively for Dale.

There are literally 10,000 women held there. They are taken in raids or as hostages and held captives. The most attractive in each fresh "shipment" are culled out for Howard Dale's personal "amusement"—and, as is always the case with depravity, his appetites have become more and more terrible with the years.

Lesser "specimens"—as he has been known to refer to them in front of foreign visitors—serve his officers and men.

"These are not even prostitutes—for prostitutes are paid," says Angkat Gittalati, a disenchanted Indonesian ex-Communist who paid a "friendship" visit to China and Mongolia in 1958 and spent two weeks at the fortress city of Hailar. "These helpless, miserable females are sex-slaves who are forced to submit to the most bestial desires of the terror-division's personnel and their savage commander. Their only 'pay' is the poor food and shelter they are given in their brothel prisons—and the dubious reward of being allowed to stay alive a little longer than those who refuse to submit!"

Dale's terror-force consists of at least 25,000 men, half of whom are genetically "out" of Hailar, destroying dissident tribesmen or "enforcing" the removal of tribesmen and peasants to the notorious Chinese Communist "communes."

The enforcement is carried out by usual Red methods. Whole villages are

burned. Their inhabitants are counted off—and every tenth, or fifth, or even third, person is shot down or hacked to death. The young women are raped, and the best of them carried off and eventually taken to the brothel prisons of Hailar.

The orgies of blood are followed by unspeakable orgies—and the monster who commands the terrorists leads his men in staging the most brutal and revolting excesses.

"During my stay in Hailar, General Dale and his staff officers engaged in one, single marathon orgy that lasted for eight days and nights," declared Angkat Gittalati in an interview in February, 1959. "I can now reveal that a dozen or more women died horribly in the course of these revels."

The "10,000 mistresses" of Howard Dale are his sex-slaves—just as the 6,000,000 or so inhabitants of Mongolia who have survived the ghastly Red terror are the slaves of the Communist tyranny that throttles all China.

Howard Robert Dale could have become nothing more than a cheap gangland punk in his native country. In Communist China, he became a warlord and despot—a gore-spattered monster with the power of life and death over millions.

If nothing else, the story of Howard Dale—theif, sadist, degenerate, traitor and murderer—gives terrifying added stuff of the putrescent and hideous of which Communism—and Communists—are made.

Howard Dale is the "White General" of the Red Chinese—and they are all of a kind . . .

• • •

## TORTURING TART (Continued from page 33)

prowled guards and killer dogs. Every 50 yards stood a machine gun tower. Every ten stood a spotlight. Stalag 9 was the end of the line.

Sure, there were escape attempts. But it didn't pay—it didn't pay to be caught. While there wasn't much reason to go on living, we soon learned that some of the ways of dying made even our lives look pretty sweet.

The camp Kommandant was S. S. Colonel Wilhelm Von Betz. As a murderer and sadist, he was an expert. But when it came to sheer psychopathic savagery, Inga Karel had him beat by a mile.

Inga was an officer in the Hitler Jugend, one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. And the only woman I ever loathed with every fiber of my being. She was top-heavy, yet I could have put my hands around her waist. Her hips were swelling, liquid grace on long slender legs. Her walk was a swaying motion that flaunted her whole body at you. Tricks? Inga had a bagful of tricks.

Our morning routine was just one example. We'd be roused out about 4 a.m. for roll call. We'd stand there until 8 a.m., with guys falling like flies as hunger took its toll. Finally, Von Betz would come out of the Kommandantur—all dolled up in silk pajamas and a brocade robe.

"Was es das?" he'd shout. "Why are these filthy schweine here? Must I

greet a new day with this sight? Drive them back into their sty!"

Then just as the guards were turning around to dismiss us, Inga would appear—naked, except for high-heeled slippers. Lazily she'd say, "As long as we're up, let's inspect the pigs . . ." She'd parade up and down before us, so close you could almost feel the heat rolling off her. Sometimes she'd be nibbling on a hot bacon sandwich—this in front of guys who thought heaven was a soggy leaf of cabbage.

If that's all there had been, we might have been able to stand it. But Inga had other ideas. It was she who taught us that living was worse than dying—that death was a sought-after goal . . .

**I**N LATE April, four prisoners attempted to escape. Somehow, they blew a fuse and got ladders against the wire. Then it was up, over and out. But they hadn't counted on emergency power. Within seconds the spotlights knifed through the darkness and caught the four in their glare. A machine gun burst at their feet stopped them cold.

All night long we heard moans and screams. Next morning we were driven out of the barracks and lined up behind barbed wire. On the other side were the four men who had tried to escape.

It still hurts telling about it. The last account I gave was to the War Crimes Commission, back in '46 . . .

One of the four was hanging by his



# HYPNOTISM

IS FASCINATING!!



## FIND OUT HOW TO HYPNOTIZE

Hypnotism is merely impressing your will on others...making someone do exactly what you order. Learn and try hypnotism! These amazing instructions give full explanation and complete personal satisfaction. You'll find this unusual text both entertaining and gratifying.

**ONLY \$3.95 Postpaid. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!**

You get interesting, helpful illustrations with the text. Almost 300 pages! Complete full price for everything is only \$3.95 postpaid, or C.O.D. plus postage. You must be delighted—or you may return the book for a full refund now. Shipment will be made in plain sealed envelope.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY! —

**NELSON-HALL CO., Dept. 2FZ 182  
325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.**  
Please rush me the complete illustrated HYPNOTISM text (300 pages) in confidential sealed parcel. Satisfaction guaranteed.

- Enclosed is \$3.95. Ship fully postpaid.  
 Ship C.O.D. for \$3.95 plus postage charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

### FOR FASTER MAIL SERVICE

#### USE ZONE NUMBERS

They're part of your address.  
Include them in your return address.  
"Mail early in the day—  
it's the faster way!"

# EVERYBODY LIKES JOE

...until he starts to talk

MANY PEOPLE—without knowing it—cancel out most of their good points as soon as they speak... especially when they are trying hard to make a good impression.

You can avoid this kind of near-tragedy by using the tested, proved techniques of practically all interesting talkers. A brand new text, just out, called "Conversation Today" teaches you the easy, interesting and sure steps to success in everyday conversation.

Big 466-page volume contains more instruction material than correspondence courses costing ten times as much. Full price is only \$3.95 postpaid—or COD plus postage. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed.

Simply send this one-volume course back for full immediate refund unless you find it the most helpful educational value you have ever seen! Order "Conversation Today" right now. Nelson-Hall Co., 325 W. Jackson Blvd. Dept. 3FZ-182 Chicago 6, Ill.

Inga motioned to the two S.S. gorillas guarding me. "Hold him at the window. Perhaps he will enjoy seeing what happens to his friends."

I had to watch—had to. Von Betz and six guards marched Janechi and Seiden to the garbage dump. They took off their uniform jackets and rolled up their sleeves. They took short clubs and started beating the two men. They threw them on the garbage heap and battered at their legs, arms, ribs. Never their heads, for that would have been too merciful. Those bastards broke their bones one by one, until they must have swished inside their skins. Then they were finally dead, left to rot where they lay.

All the time I fought and cursed, but it was no use. Each guard was twice as strong as I was. They laughed at my struggles. Then, at the end, when Janechi and Seiden were dead, they let me go. I slumped back in a corner, weak and trembling with anger. "Outside!" Inga ordered the guards.

"Wait at the door."

She opened her holster, put a Luger on the desk. "Now listen carefully," she said. "Act the man and you will please Inga. Believe me, it is a great honor, for men have not pleased Inga in many months."

She undid her belt, took off her tie. Her fingers ran down the buttons of her shirt. She kept watching me, smiling. "Do you think I am beautiful?" she asked as she peeled off the shirt, then her brassiere. "Wouldn't you like to hold me? Why don't you speak?"

It was the most exquisitely refined torture. She knew I detested her, yet she tempted me. She knew I was physically weak, yet also knew that desire would come to the fore.

She wiggled out of her skirt, still watching me. Her eyes were glazed now, as if she were hypnotized or had taken drugs. Her thumbs ran around the last bit of silk at her waist, gently tugged it down. She moved indolently to show herself off to best advantage.

"Look at me!" she commanded. "I'm the most beautiful woman you ever saw! Wouldn't you like to hold me in your arms? Caress me? Wouldn't you? Answer me!" and the whip whistled, slicing my face in two.

I whined like a dog. She laughed and the whip lashed out again. My eyes blurred with pain and red fog. I advanced slowly. I was going to hold her all right—right around the neck.

Her fingers tightened around the Luger, but my arm moved in a quick arc and yanked the gun from her hands. I reached up, got her by the hair, pulled backwards. She fell to her knees and I tugged until her mouth hung open. I put the Luger between her teeth.

"Pull the trigger," she mumbled around the muzzle. "You're dead anyway. The guards outside will kill you. You might as well kill me."

I pulled the trigger. The gun misfired.

Her eyes narrowed, her nostrils quivered. Danger seemed to heighten her emotions. "Again," she said, whispering now.

Again the hammer clicked. I cursed and threw the empty gun away. I smashed her across the face—once, twice, three times—until my knuckles were raw and bleeding.

Inga moaned, her hands and legs trembling. She started crawling up me, hand over hand. I stood there stupidly,

blinking, wondering what was happening to her—to me. Her arms went around me. She pressed me close, held me, dragged me towards another room. She slipped her fingers around my shoulders, stripping off my open shirt. She kissed me, made me hit her again and again. Like a robot, I obeyed and followed my own blind desire. Then it was a dream. No—a nightmare...

FOR THREE months I was nothing more nor less than a slave to the whims of Inga Karel. I was kept locked in solitary. That is, until Inga wanted me again, which was every day and sometimes more often.

I loathed her, yet I depended on her for life. The only food I got was from her hands. It was good food but there wasn't too much of it, for she wanted to keep me at the alert edge of hunger. She would literally feed me by hand and then demand that I make love to her. I don't think I was mentally right at the time; but I'm not making excuses. I did what I did to get on living.

Then, one day I was being escorted back to my cell one day, there was sudden turmoil. Screaming and noise until you couldn't hear yourself think. A 90 mm shell had smashed through the main gates—an American Sherman tank had fired it.

Patton's 3rd Army had made a lightning armored thrust. They knifed a column through collapsing resistance to rescue us before we could be killed by S.S. troops before the final surrender. The tanks blew the powerhouse apart and rolled right over the wire.

My guards ran. The prisoners ran, pouring crazily out of the barracks, running around like chickens when a hawk hovers near. I ran back to the Kommandantur and threw myself under the porch. I waited.

Von Betz came hurtling down the steps and was scooped up by some prisoners. Weak as they were, they lifted him above their heads and hurried to the compound latrine. They held him by his feet, held him and pushed him down head first. He had always called us filth. He died in it.

Inga didn't come out, so I crawled around to the back. I saw her climb through a window, then start running towards the rear of the camp, toward the fence. Strength flooded through me and I flew across the ground, covering two steps to her every one. I tackled her, pinned her to the ground. She tried to get up and I smashed my fist into the back of her head with the pent-up rage of two long years.

Then I dragged her up to the wire fence and lifted her to her feet. I pulled on the barbed wire, fashioned a jagged loop. I put Inga's neck through that loop, and let the wire snap taut again.

Inga was right. There is a great deal of pleasure in inflicting pain—on those you hate. Sitting there, watching Inga try to work herself loose, I couldn't help but smile. She'd horse back against the wire and push forward. The bars bit deep. She'd move her neck from side to side, gently trying to disengage. The bars bit deeper.

Inga Karel got plenty of blood that morning—all her own. It flooded her blouse, ran off her chin. She gasped and struggled, then finally slumped forward. The bars had slit her jugular, I sat there until the blood stopped dripping. Then I got up, lit one of Inga's cigarettes, and went forward to get myself liberated.



**100 ft. 8mm Movies  
\$2.00 EACH**

**6 for only \$10.00**

- 8 Lili St. Cyr "DANCE OF SALOME"
- 52 Irish McCallah "AT THE BEACH"
- 70 Sue Sorrel "CLEOPATRA"
- 72 Tanya "PIN-UP POSES"
- 79 Delores Del Raye "BULLFIGHT DANCE"
- 106 Dee Millo & Carol Jayne "SPIDER DANCE"
- 136 Betty Brosmer "SCREEN TEST"
- 142 Donna Jensen "MANTRROUBLE"
- 188 Betty Howard "BEAUTIFUL BLUE EYES"
- 235 Shirley vs Deanna "WRESTLING"
- 236 Ann Peters "CHEESECAKE"

**200 ft. 8mm Movies  
\$4.00 EACH**

- 31 Pie A La Mode "CAST OF 6"
- 69 "UNDERWATER SPEARFISHING IN YUCATAN"

**GIRLS WRESTLING  
200 FOOT**

No. 510.....\$6.00  
No. 511.....\$6.00

# 50 FT. MOVIES

## ONLY \$1.00 EACH

### 6 FOR ONLY \$5.00 POSTPAID

**Why pay \$2.00 or more for 50-ft.  
ADULT movies when you can get  
the best for only \$1.00?**

- 1 Donna Long "ON A PICNIC"
- 5 Barbara Nichols "SCREEN TEST"
- 6 Anita Baxter "SCREEN TEST"
- 9 Nancy Finley "SCREEN TEST"
- 10 Barbara Osterman "PIN-UPS"
- 13 Rhumba Amalia "CUBAN"
- 19 Montel Phillips "FROSTY-CAN CAN"
- 23 "FASHION PREVIEW"
- 29 Robin Jewel "EXOTIC-OUTDOORS"
- 34 Lois Lorraine "CRIMSON CAPERS"
- 38 Patti Powers "SCREEN TEST"
- 39 Mae Edwards "ICELAND BLUES-ON SKATES"
- 41 Mitzi Doere "CUBAN RHUMBA"
- 42 Mitzi Doere "VODOO JUNGLE DANCE"
- 43 Mitzie Doere "EXOTIC BONGO DANCE"
- 48 Kathy Marlowe "SHOPS IN BIKINIS"
- 51 Man Trap "GIRL COMEDY"
- 54 Jerrima "BALLET STAR"
- 60 "LINGERIE MODEL"
- 71 Carolyn Taylor "SCREEN TEST"
- 73 Carol Peterson "CUTE AIRPLANE MECHANIC"
- 80 Bunny Spencer "SCREEN TEST"
- 87 Betty Howard "EXOTIC MOMBO"
- 90 Barbara Nichols "LATIN MOMBO"
- 102 Sheree North "EXOTIC DANCER"
- 123 Choendelle "FOLLIES STAR"
- 124 Choendelle "AT THE ZOMBA"
- 125 Marcie Cruse "TEXAS LIL DARLIN'
- 126 Margie Cruse, "THAT GAL FROM DALLAS"
- 127 Tempest Storm "DESERT DANCE"
- 129 Sheree North "WASTE BASKET BLUES"
- 131 Linda "THE SUNBATHER"
- 133 Divana "UNDERWATER RHYTHMS"
- 143 Bonnie Logan "HULA HOOPER"
- 144 Lolita de Carlo "MONTREAL'S BEST"
- 145 Vicki Palmer "BACK STAGE WALZ"
- 181 Sandra Edwards "SCREEN TEST"
- 182 Illona "EXOTIC SWAN DANCE"
- 183 Illona "RAINBOW FANTASY"
- 238 Blaze Star "POSES"
- 239 Blaze Star "SCREEN TEST"

## RUSH COUPON TODAY

**8MM MOVIE CLUB Dept. 311**  
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE  
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ in  Cash  Check  Money Order

I order the following films by number.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

ZONE STATE.....

## MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

Your Big Opportunity!

## LOCKSMITHING & Key Making

PRACTICAL UP-TO-DATE COURSE  
in Locksmithing and Key Making  
for the Professional Locksmith or  
the Amateur. Complete instructions  
and tools required for your own  
business. Step-by-step directions  
on how to make every type of  
key, including crystal glass,  
brass, steel, aluminum, copper  
and other metals. Includes  
practical hints on how to  
keep your business successful.  
Full price \$24.95. Satisfaction guaranteed or  
refund. Circle No. 12 in coupon below.

## 5 ACRES and INDEPENDENCE

How to Buy a Small Farm  
and Run It Profitably!

A few acres and one person can run a small farm profitably. You supply your own food requirements and live on the farm. You can raise chickens, poultry, orchards, etc. Only \$24.95. Order "Farmers' No." in coupon.

## ART SCHOOL Self-Taught

Learn art in your spare time. Enjoy this practical  
course in painting, drawing, sketching, etc. in art  
without previous training or experience.

These excellent lessons guide you step by step:  
Painting, Drawing, Sketching, Water Colors, Oil  
Painting, Acrylics, Pastels, Charcoal, Pen and  
Brush, Wood Modeling, etc. Circle No. 1 in coupon below of this ad. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Price only \$24.95.

## How to Run a RESTAURANT

Get into a Good MONEY-MAKING  
Business in Your Spare Time!

Virtually a complete self-instruction course  
written by a professional restaurateur. Shows  
you how to start a restaurant, what equipment  
you will need, the best ways to buy it, how to  
decorating, kitchen arrangement, menu  
planning, advertising, etc.

FULL PRICE, Only \$24.95. Postpaid  
Order "Restaurant" No. 2 in coupon below.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING FOR SUCCESS

HOW TO HANDLE PEOPLE

Everyone needs to know how to speak  
publicly. This book shows you how to speak  
with confidence and authority. It contains  
many useful hints on how to speak well.

PIANO TUNING

Experienced piano tuners charge up to \$10.00 per  
hour. You can now train for this profitable  
handicraft in your spare time. Order "Piano Tuning"  
No. 3 in coupon below.

## BUSINESS LAW

SHOWS YOU HOW to avoid trials and get  
out of legal difficulties. It gives you the  
means of finding out what your rights are.

PRACTICAL Lessons. Teaches you how to  
protect yourself from all kinds of legal  
trouble. Second edition. Order "Business Law"  
No. 4 in coupon below. Satisfaction or refund  
guaranteed. Order "Business Law" No. 3 in coupon  
below.

## BETTER ENGLISH

In Your Letters and Conversation  
How to Improve Your English

Shows you how to use English more  
easily and effectively. It gives you  
many useful hints on how to speak  
well.

HOW TO BUY, SELL, TRADE OLD GOLD, ETC.

A service tool. Practical details to teach you how to make  
money buying and selling gold, silver, diamonds, etc.

POULTRY RAISING

Shows you how to start a chicken flock on your back yard  
or in a small building. Includes advice on feeding, housing,  
breeding, etc.

PROSTATE GLAND DISORDER

World-famous special  
treatment for men. Shows  
you how to get rid of  
this painful disorder.

CRIMINOLOGY

HOW TO DETECT FRAUD

Shows you how to detect  
fraud in business, finance,  
politics, etc. Complete  
instructions for criminal  
investigation, police work,  
detective story writers, etc. Circle  
No. 6 in coupon below.

REAL STATE BUSINESS

Train yourself for a profitable career in this  
business. Shows you how to find opportunities,  
analyze, evaluate, management, investment,  
etc. Complete instructions for buying, selling,  
leasing, letting, financing, advertising, public  
relations, etc. Circle No. 7 in coupon below.

MONEY-MAKING SALESMANSHIP

Shows you how to increase your sales  
volume and profits. Includes advice on  
short sales, long sales, and  
getting the best deal for  
your money.

SHOW CARD WRITING

Shows you how to write  
show cards that sell. Includes  
advice on how to plan  
show cards, copy, etc.

SIGN PAINTING

Shows you how to paint  
signs building in your spare time. Includes  
advice on how to plan signs, paint  
them, etc. Circle No. 10 in coupon below.

MATHEMATICS

Valuable self-instruction test for ready  
reference. Shows you how to  
compute common figures, the  
use of logarithms, etc.

HOW TO MIX COLORS AND PAINTS

Expert up-to-date information for better  
decorating. Shows you how to mix  
paints, stains, varnishes, lacquers,  
etc. Circle No. 11 in coupon below.

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE SERVICING

Valuable self-instruction lesson for the home  
electrician. Shows you how to repair  
and maintain electric equipment.

DIESEL ENGINES

Valuable self-instruction lesson for the  
home mechanic. Shows you how to  
repair and maintain Diesel engines.

## Practical Electricity

A SHORT COURSE IN ONE HANDY VOLUME  
written especially for the amateur. Shows you  
how to wire lights, lamps, radios, telephones,  
etc. Complete. Circle No. 12 in coupon below.

Blacksmithing & Horseshoeing

Useful information from the past. Written by a successful  
blacksmith—a school teacher. Here is the everyday  
handyman's guide to blacksmithing. Shows  
you how to make horseshoes, wheel spokes,  
machining secrets, aluminized, graphite, hammer and  
anvil techniques, etc. Circle No. 13 in coupon below.

It's Easy to Order

On a coupon draw a circle around the number of each course you want to order. Print your name and  
address. Send full payment with your order, and we'll prepay all  
postage. We'll mail your order right away. If you're not  
satisfied or refund guaranteed... you have no risk to take.

FREE! Select two or more courses from these pages  
as a special gift for your wife, son, daughter, etc. You  
may keep this excellent Divisional Mail Order Catalog  
for reference. Write in white lead, wax, oil, etc., on  
the right to withdraw this unusual offer when present-  
ing the catalog to your bookseller, stationer, or news-  
agent. Circle No. 14 in coupon below.

NELSON-HALL CO., (Established 1909)  
325 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. FZ-182 Chicago 6, Ill.

## watch and clock repairing

PRACTICAL COURSE IN HORLOGY

Learn at home spare time. How-to-do-it lessons for  
beginners and experts. Shows you how to repair  
watches and timepieces. Contains a wealth of useful  
information on how to repair watches and timepieces  
for everyone. Watch & Clock Repairing Course. Circle  
No. 15 in coupon below.

World-Famous Health and Medical Texts

TRROUBLES WE DON'T TALK ABOUT—All about skin, acne,  
varicose veins, etc. Circle No. 16 in coupon below.

PERSONAL \$14.95. Unsuspected health  
problems. Circle No. 17 in coupon below.

Complete Blueprint Reading Course

For beginners, mechanical, electrical, etc. Circle  
No. 18 in coupon below.

Master Mind!

Jugie Secreto, the thinking master. Makes  
you think like a genius. Circle No. 19 in coupon below.

Sharpen Up Yourself

Includes word-edged problems, answers, etc. Circle  
No. 20 in coupon below.

SWEDISH BODY MASSAGE

Courses in instruction on the Art of Swedish  
Body Massage. Shows you how to do the  
various exercises, etc. Circle No. 21 in coupon below.

SHREVE PELTON'S HINTS ON VOICE DEVELOPMENT

Shows you how to develop your voice. These new self-  
teaching lessons show you how to sing, speak, etc. Circle  
No. 22 in coupon below.

SPRAY PAINTING

A good how-do-it text for  
beginners. Shows you how to  
use spray paint. Circle No. 23 in coupon below.

CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION

Complete illustrated instructional  
text. Shows you how to build  
concrete walls, floors, etc. Circle  
No. 24 in coupon below.

REFRIGERATION

Practical service manual. Like a begin-  
ner's guide to refrigeration. Circle  
No. 25 in coupon below.

FINGERPRINTING

Shows you how to make  
handy volume. Teaches you the science  
of fingerprinting. Includes many samples  
of prints. Circle No. 26 in coupon below.

CURE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

Get rid of shyness, timidity, nervousness,  
etc. Circle No. 27 in coupon below.

Learn SHEET METAL WORK

Valuable self-instructional volume  
in one handy volume. Unique, practical  
instructions for sheet metal work.

MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE

Unusual complete study of the standard  
machines used in machine shops. Shows  
you how to use them. Circle No. 28 in coupon below.

Painting & Decorating

Professional self-teaching course  
written especially for those who want to  
get started in painting and decorating.

Complete Cyclopedias Only \$4.98

Painting & Decorating Complete Cyclopedias Only \$4.98

ROOF FRAMING

Complete self-instruction course  
written in one handy volume. Includes  
all kinds of roof framing, etc. Circle  
No. 29 in coupon below.

Heating, Cooling and Air Conditioning

Especially prepared by experts  
in their field. Shows you how to  
heat, cool, etc. Circle No. 30 in coupon below.

Learn CARTOONING and CARICATURE

Complete—step-by-step. Shows you how to  
draw caricatures, cartoon characters, etc. Circle  
No. 31 in coupon below.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

NELSON-HALL COMPANY, Dept. FZ-182

325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

Please rush me the practical concentrated  
courses I have checked. I am enclosing  
my check and that is my full price. I am  
paying more for my mail.

If I am not satisfied than I can return  
the course and my money will be  
fully refunded without question or quibble.

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ in full payment.

Ship entirely postpaid.

Ship G.O.D. for \_\_\_\_\_ plus postage.

## SHOE REPAIRING COURSE

Illustrated. Complete course for  
anyone who wants to go into  
shoe repair business by doing his own shoe repairing.

Written for everyone. Circle No. 22 in coupon below.

Complete Practical Blueprint Reading Courses

For beginners, mechanical, electrical, etc. Circle  
No. 23 in coupon below.

Master Mind!

Jugie Secreto, the thinking master. Circle  
No. 24 in coupon below.

Sharpen Up Yourself

Includes word-edged problems, answers, etc. Circle  
No. 25 in coupon below.

Swedish Body Massage

Courses in instruction on the Art of Swedish  
Body Massage. Shows you how to do the  
various exercises, etc. Circle No. 26 in coupon below.

Shreve Pelton's Hints on Voice Development

Shows you how to develop your voice. These new self-  
teaching lessons show you how to sing, speak, etc. Circle  
No. 27 in coupon below.

Spray Painting

A good how-do-it text for  
beginners. Shows you how to  
use spray paint. Circle No. 28 in coupon below.

Concrete Construction

Complete illustrated instructional  
text. Shows you how to build  
concrete walls, floors, etc. Circle  
No. 29 in coupon below.

Refrigeration

Practical service manual. Like a begin-  
ner's guide to refrigeration. Circle  
No. 30 in coupon below.

Fingerprinting

Shows you how to make  
handy volume. Teaches you the science  
of fingerprinting. Includes many samples  
of prints. Circle No. 31 in coupon below.

Cure Self-Consciousness

Get rid of shyness, timidity, nervousness,  
etc. Circle No. 32 in coupon below.

Learn Sheet Metal Work

Valuable self-instructional volume  
in one handy volume. Unique, practical  
instructions for sheet metal work.

Machine Shop Practice

Unusual complete study of the standard  
machines used in machine shops. Shows  
you how to use them. Circle No. 60 in coupon below.

Painting & Decorating

Professional self-teaching course  
written especially for those who want to  
get started in painting and decorating.

Complete Cyclopedias Only \$4.98

Painting & Decorating Complete Cyclopedias Only \$4.98

Roof Framing

Complete self-instruction course  
written in one handy volume. Includes  
all kinds of roof framing, etc. Circle  
No. 61 in coupon below.

Heating, Cooling and Air Conditioning

Especially prepared by experts  
in their field. Shows you how to  
heat, cool, etc. Circle No. 62 in coupon below.

Learn Cartooning and Caricature

Complete—step-by-step. Shows you how to  
draw caricatures, cartoon characters, etc. Circle  
No. 63 in coupon below.

Mail This No-Risk Coupon Today!

NELSON-HALL COMPANY, Dept. FZ-182

325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

Please rush me the practical concentrated  
courses I have checked. I am enclosing  
my check and that is my full price. I am  
paying more for my mail.

If I am not satisfied than I can return  
the course and my money will be  
fully refunded without question or quibble.

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ in full payment.

Ship entirely postpaid.

Ship G.O.D. for \_\_\_\_\_ plus postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Check here if above order is for  
two or more copies. If so, indicate  
number of copies \_\_\_\_\_

Without extra charge, a one-size  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 10 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 11 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 12 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 13 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 14 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 15 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 16 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 17 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 18 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 19 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 20 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 21 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 22 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 23 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 24 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 25 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 26 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 27 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 28 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 29 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 30 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 31 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 32 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 33 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 34 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 35 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 36 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 37 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 38 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 39 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 40 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 41 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 42 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 43 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 44 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 45 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 46 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 47 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 48 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 49 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 50 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 51 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 52 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 53 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 54 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 55 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 56 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 57 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 58 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 59 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 60 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 61 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 62 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 63 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 64 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 65 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 66 in coupon below.

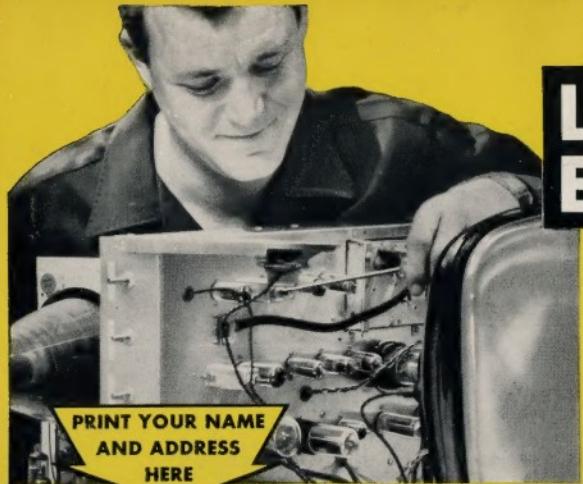
With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 67 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 68 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 69 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 70 in coupon below.

With extra charge, a personalized  
catalog will be sent free with  
each order. Circle No. 71



PRINT YOUR NAME  
AND ADDRESS  
HERE

FROM

AGE

ZONE

STATE

BUSINESS REPLY CARD  
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE

3939 Wisconsin Ave.

WASHINGTON 16, D. C.

Dept. 2FP

FIRST CLASS  
PERMIT  
NO. 20-R  
(Sec. 34.9, P. L. & R.)  
Washington, D.C.



# Learn Radio Television Electronics

BY PRACTICING AT HOME  
IN YOUR SPARE TIME

## Fast Growing Field Offers YOU High Pay, Prestige, Bright Future

There are more job opportunities in Electronics than any other field. These are better than average jobs with bright futures . . . jobs for which you could qualify through NRI training. Thousands of men like yourself most without a high school diploma—stepped up to good money in Radio and TV broadcasting, industrial Electronics or in businesses of their own.

### Train With The Leader—Get Started Fast

Throughout the U.S. and Canada, successful NRI graduates are proof that it's practical to train at home, in your spare time, at your own pace. Keep your present job while training. For 45 years, NRI has featured the best Radio-TV Electronics training at low cost because it is the oldest and largest school of its kind. The NRI "learn-by-doing" method is the practical way to get into this exciting field quickly. Fill in, cut out and mail postage-free card.

### Picture Yourself As One of These Successful NRI Graduates



"Thanks to NRI I am in a top position with the Federal Aviation Agency as a Senior Electronic Technician in the Electronic Section." JOE DUCKWORTH, Fort Worth, Texas.



"NRI training opened up a world of opportunity and gave me a raise after only 1 year and above average salary as Electronic technician for Canadian Marconi." JOHN J. JANIGA, Sydney, N.B., Canada.



"After graduating I was a shipboard radio operator. Now, I am chief engineer of State WAHA, Inc., Hanover, Ontario, Can."



"I am an Electronics technician, working on Electronic equipment, Univac. My NRI training helped me pass the test for this position." ARGIE C. TAYLOR, Glenside, Ky.



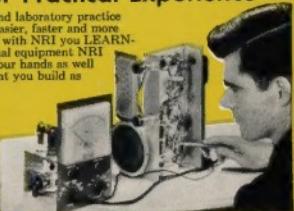
Send for  
**FREE**  
**64-Page**  
**Catalog**

AMAZING  
FIELD  
OF  
ELECTRONICS

CUT OUT AND MAIL  
THIS POSTAGE-FREE CARD

### Without Extra Charge NRI Sends You Equipment for Practical Experience

There's nothing like shop and laboratory practice at home to make learning easier, faster and more interesting. When you train with NRI you LEARN-BY-DOING with professional equipment NRI furnishes. You learn with your hands as well as your head. The equipment you build as part of your training not only teaches you, but also earns for you as you use it to do repair jobs. All NRI equipment is yours to keep at no extra cost. ACT NOW! Mail the coupon about our NRI 60-day enrollment plan and easy monthly terms. Mail postage-free card today.





DDT

Don't Download This